

# Maclean's

FEBRUARY 14, 1983

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## Nelligan's Broadway Triumph

Canadian actress  
Kate Nelligan





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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
**Maclean's**

FEBRUARY 14, 1983 VOL. 56 NO. 7

**COVER**

**Nelligan's Broadway triumph**

She was named best actress on the London stage in 1978. And now is the same role—that of the wifely Susan Trueman in the smash hit *Pleasant*—she is the toast of Broadway. But at the peak of her career in the theatre, Kate Nelligan has set her sights on movie stardom. With her newly released film, *Without a Trace*, she is well on her way.  
—Page 46

COVER PHOTO BY GORDON GORDON



**Clark rallies his allies**

Joe Clark officially resigned last week and forfeited \$20,000, 43 members of his staff, his office and chauffeur. Then the serious sobering began.  
—Page 44



**Snow's up!**

Undaunted by chilly temperatures, wind-eating californians are rigging sails onto makeshift "snow boards" and starting the newest sport—wind-skiing.  
—Page 42



**Exodus of the unwelcome**

The tragic expulsion of almost two million West Africans from Nigeria has underscored the fate of the world's estimated 35 million "guest workers."  
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**Obsessed by sex and death**

David Cronenberg's shocking and controversial films have made him English Canada's most commercially successful and artistically praised director.  
—Page 47

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# Why our MPs fail us

Where a wide array of parliamentary rule changes began five a one-year trial period in the House of Commons last month, one man who thought the streamlining procedures were inadequate was Arthur Lower, 62, the dean of Canadian historians. Lower has spent a

lifetime studying Canadian and he says that he is generally unimpressed, particularly with the House of Commons. Now retired from five decades of teaching history at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., Lower has just finished writing his 17th book—the last

thing I'll do—a series of profiles on interesting Canadians he has known. Using the perspective of age, Lower says that he "finds it difficult to find anything that the House of Commons does well." Mackenzie's correspondent Steve Berne spoke with him in his paper-filled office in Kingston.

**Mackenzie:** How would you describe the Canadian press today?  
**Lower:** It's a miserable sport. I feel it very hard to live in Canada because of all the backbiting, recriminations and mess of parliament. All these warty qualities present us from getting together and uniting. There is a lot of ability in Canada, of course. We show our good judgment by getting rid of our talented people as quickly as we can, shipping them out to the United States. **Mackenzie:** You are very critical of the standard of talk our politicians and their debate. Is Parliament going to rack and ruin?  
**Lower:** Parliament reflects Canadian qualities as a whole. I think we have the good qualities of a middle-class people.

*The average member of Parliament is narrow-minded and has little experience of life outside Canada'*

safe, sane, sensible and modern—we must use these words. Still, I think it might be safe to say that the average member of Parliament is perhaps a cut or so above his constituents. Not much. As a rule, he is badly educated, narrow-minded, has had very little experience of life outside Canada. And what is a parliamentary debate these days? "I did, you didn't. You are, I'm not." There is not very much brilliance in Canada, and it is very much distorted where it is to be found. The fate of the prime minister is an excellent illustration of that. The reason he is so constantly snarled is that he has a brain that is much better than the average man's. And the average man doesn't like it, so he throws mad at him. By the average man I mean people right up to the status of the leader of the Opposition.

**Mackenzie:** Some of the suggestions made by the parliamentary committee dealing with the reform of Parliament were implemented last month. Speeches in the House of Commons were shortened from 15 to 10 minutes, the use of parliamentary standing committees was cut down, and a set parliamentary calendar

was established so that we know when Parliament will be sitting. How do you feel about the reforms?

**Lower:** I would say these changes are relatively unimportant because it is not mechanical changes that are necessary to improve Parliament. Unfortunately, what needs to be changed is a much bigger task: human beings. What we need in Ottawa are more able, more sensible, less selfish, self-interested, less partisan members. It is the calibre of members that needs improving. Of course, that is a problem that takes all the time. The question is, how do you make better and bigger jobs?

**Mackenzie:** You have claimed that there

is no such creature as a young man with other young fellows up in the bush and I could use splendid qualities of resourcefulness, initiative, adaptability. I could use these same qualities in both ways. Today, I think we are spoiled by a long generation of prosperity that has taken a lot of our good qualities away from us. I think there is a good deal left. We're not all spoiled. There's a good deal of pioneer virtue in Canada still, I believe, but it takes a good deal of pressure—compulsion, hard times—to get it working. If we had a greater sense of nationalism, it would help a great deal: in any scheme we might have for reconstruction. Nationalism is simply a

Lower: To begin with, he should save some money for his old age. You would never expect him to do that, would you? He could get his money paid up somehow or other so that he would not be down and out the day after his pay stopped.

**Mackenzie:** What is your judgment of the effects of the reforms alone?  
**Lower:** All these social devices of ours, unemployment insurance, for instance, tend to make people dependent on the government. Now, the last thing I want to see would be my fellow citizens suffering that, on the other hand, it is very easy to get people into a condition where they think something should always be done for them. It is a kind of edge. You must not cultivate a spirit of inappliance. On the other hand, I wouldn't want to go back to the way things were during the Great Depression when a person up against it had to starve. It's just a matter of balance.

**Mackenzie:** Which Canadian leaders have you admired the kind of people who could inspire the necessary balancing act?  
**Lower:** My personal admiration is reserved for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He devoted his life to the cause of keeping the two peoples together, to living in unity. Another was J.B. Macdonald, the founder of the C.P.C., a very old man, a man of other devotions to principle. I think the prime minister who did the best job was Mackenzie King. Everybody disbelieves, I don't think there is much question about



Lower: improving the calibre of members of Parliament so that they are less selfish, more sensible

is one man democracy in Canada. What do you mean by that?

**Lower:** I mean that everything goes away to the idea of equality in the majority. Every last thing under the sun. And what is the least common denominator among a large group of people? What is the speed of the motor? The slowest. The fellow from north Kingston who can get out and rear and nurse courts for just as much in that state as I do. He has a wife. And everything in politics is directed to catch his vote. What have you got when you catch it? What have you got?

**Mackenzie:** Is there anything about Canadians that you think is positive?  
**Lower:** Well, I used to think there was a

majority of everyone getting together. **Mackenzie:** Are politicians in danger for the current economic conditions?  
**Lower:** It would be shortsighted to blame just the politicians. I think Canadians as a whole have been improvident. Take Vancouver, for example. It's the most intensive part of the country in terms of living off the fat of the land: living on its capital, eating up the forests—slashing them down and literally eating them up. But what happens when demand ceases? There is great yawning, and people who are destroying the forests today will find themselves out of work tomorrow.

**Mackenzie:** Well, what should a hard-boiled

that. He was far from brilliant. But he had a clear idea—if he ever had a clear idea—that Canada was to be a nation.

**Mackenzie:** Can Canadians be a nation?  
**Lower:** Well, I think we need more of a creed, more of the kind of belief his Americans have—that we and the government are one. It is through the process of thinking of the government as "them" or "it," something apart from ourselves. I think that it is through the process of education that we can get somewhere. It's a slow process but it may, one day, make room in the better members of Parliament. Though that's a lot to hope for. ☐

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A brilliant new BMW is with us. Other than cocaine like the Minaretta Quattroporte, no sedan performs like the new BMW 533i.

Speed, for example. Beating 10 seconds from 0-100 km/h is an accepted standard of extreme quickness. As timed by Car and Driver Magazine, the 533i does it in approximately 7½ seconds! (The Quattroporte does it in about eight). And, unlike some "muscle monsters", the 533i has the brakes and handling to match its speed.

The BMW 533i is a car for unusually demanding drivers. Undoubtedly, many people will consider its speed more than they need. Particularly when comparing it with the new car's "twins", the BMW 528e—which is an incredible machine in its own right.

**Look-alikes.** Apart from its high performance, wider-track tires and rear-deck rainstrips, the 533i cannot be readily distinguished from the 528e. Much more unites the two models than divides them. For instance:

The two cars share a suspension design designed by Car and Driver as "the single most significant breakthrough in front suspension design in a decade." Front end drive, leaning into corners, and other regrettable tendencies, are virtually abolished; the suspension delivers an almost paradoxical combination of precise road-holding and riding comfort.

To match the car's extra speed, and the extravagances of its most demanding drivers, this remarkable underpinning has been fine-tuned for the 533i, to suite with the wider, low-profile Michelin TRX tires designed expressly for it.

**Cars and computers.** Among car companies, BMW is considered paramount in the use of computer wizardry. BMW terms its electronic revolution "Digital Motor Electronics." Through DME, BMW engines create more power, run more smoothly, and save gasoline. And can now last longer.

This year, BMW introduces the Service Interval Indicator, an ingenious device that, for the first time, makes it possible for a car to be serviced exactly when it needs it. Not before and, most important, not after. Cars tend to last longer that way.

The heart of the indicator is a mini-computer. How long the engine spends warming up, how many times it is switched on and off, how long it spends tied up in traffic, how hard you drive, all go into

its memory. When the computer figures out the car should be looked over, hey presto! The indicator lights up to say so. Goodbye guesswork.

On board both the 533i and 528e, another mini-computer issues instructions to the engine—thousands of times a second. The little bit of box decrees exactly how much fuel goes to each combustion chamber, and precisely when. The result: a smoother, more powerful engine that uses less fuel. (The 528e consumes about 2.5% less gasoline than its predecessor.)

**No flaws.** BMW willingly concedes that there is more to a car than how well it goes. Quote:

"The BMW's pieces just don't mesh and blend like those of ordinary sedans. There are no flaws, no bad joints, no runs in the paint, no stickers and no cover-ups. These are the details that keep coming back to reinforce the car's value every time you open a door, wash the car or just sit and look at it."—Motor Trend Magazine.

We invite you to take a good hard look at the cars and craftsmanship that

go into a BMW. Note how easy it is to see and reach everything you need to see and touch. Note the visibility. The head and shoulder room. The trunk space. The harmonious color schemes. The design integrity. Then check BMW's exemplary warranties. The principal components—three years or 60,000 kilometers, on engine and powertrain, six years against rust perforation.

When it's time to take the 528e out for a test drive, give it a workout. Experience the extreme precision of the steering, the exceptional flat and easy cornering, the way the engine pulls in the power at unusually low engine speeds. Hit the pedal hard and feel the turbine-like reactions.

**Fast or feisty?** The 528e also beats ten seconds, 0-100 km/h. Which, of course, is much more than ample land which, incidentally, is achieved without resorting to the compromises and stresses of turbocharging. However, if your satisfaction is predicated on driving the fastest, the most agile, the purist BMW in the country, there's nothing else for it: the new 533i.

What a glorious car! It enjoys all the incredible precision and quality of the 528e, all of its ample power. Plus the exhilarating response, the ability to burst a round somebody when it is prudent to lurch in quickly. Finally, the decision on the perfectly rounded 528e or the ultimate 533i? You will only know for sure after the experience.



When you sit at the wheel of a BMW, you feel right. The seat fits. The eye takes in everything at a glance. Everything is easy to reach. And if anything is across or needs doing, a little light comes on to say so, including when the car needs servicing.

## Introducing the new luxury sedan that reaches 100 in 7½ seconds.

The new BMW 533i. (The 528e is built with optional rear wheel drive very similar.) Prices? The 528e starts at around \$26,000. A model similarly equipped to the 533i (with mag wheels, metallic paint, electric sun roof and electric windows) would cost about \$30,000. The 533i is approximately \$34,000. Dealers, of course, may tell for less. Principal difference between the cars is a very quick, other incredibly quick.



Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, West Germany

# That old White House gang

By Michael Posner

Two years after turning over the White House keys to Ronald Reagan, the man who gave Jimmy Carter's presidency its character, who laid its priorities and set its tone, for the most part, disappeared from public notice. Now and then, a name from those years will grab headlines or offer a 10-second quote on the evening news, but the comments are rare. With each day the Carter team's collective affairs fade further, his members can be seen around Washington, as the streets and its corporate lobbies, looking very ordinary in fact, like the image the Carter presidency worked so hard to project—the image of just plain folks.

Carter himself seldom appears in

president Walter (Fritz) Mondale, the acknowledged front-runner among candidates for the 1984 Democratic presidential nomination. Obviously, the other former colleagues (Robert Fiske, Carter Vance, Warren Christopher, Edmund Muskie, among them), Mondale, 55, is wrestling less in Washington. In fact, most of his time is devoted to campaign strategy—and the more immediate task of securing the nomination. To that end, Mondale interestingly disavows himself from Carter's record, which is widely viewed as a failure. Indeed, several Mondale operatives have already let it be known that Carter's repeated endorsements of "my friend Fritz" have a decidedly negative impact on Mondale's chances. That is particularly true in California—a crit-

terial of loss, not substitution. One notable exception: the White East, where he flowers a tough approach toward Israel than the Reagan White House has followed.

Like many former colleagues, Fiske will shortly seek to turn a modest profit from dusting his White House years into book form. This spring he will be on the promotion circuit defending the administration's foreign policy performance. As an author he follows Jon Calhoun, former secretary of health and welfare, Griffin Bell, former attorney general (who produced a book early in Carter's presidency), and Hamilton Jordan, Carter's controversial chief of staff, who, like his boss, is now lecturing at Emory. One of the few former staff members who has not yet turned to book publishing is Carter's former press secretary, the amiable Judy Powell. The 36-year-old Georgian's attention is focused on current, not past, events. He writes a regular syndicated column on politics for the Dallas Times Herald and appears of-



Carter, Powell, Mondale and Billy Carter grabbing a headline here, a 10-second quote on the evening news show

Washington He and Rosalynn never really wanted to let go, but the capital to them. As a result, his visits are confined to special events—presenting his best-selling *Keep Faith*, the mid-anniversary of his years in the Oval Office. At 58, Carter divides his time principally between his home in Plains, Ga., and an office in Atlanta. At home he spends a lot of time in his woodworking shop. In Atlanta the former president attends to details of the Carter Library, still in the planning stages, and gives guest lectures at Emory University. According to standards, his lectures are well prepared, and he exudes a sense of personal warmth that Washington and most Americans probably see too infrequently during his White House years.

By far the most visible member of Carter's administration is former vice-

president Walter (Fritz) Mondale, the acknowledged front-runner among candidates for the 1984 Democratic presidential nomination. Obviously, the other former colleagues (Robert Fiske, Carter Vance, Warren Christopher, Edmund Muskie, among them), Mondale, 55, is wrestling less in Washington. In fact, most of his time is devoted to campaign strategy—and the more immediate task of securing the nomination. To that end, Mondale interestingly disavows himself from Carter's record, which is widely viewed as a failure. Indeed, several Mondale operatives have already let it be known that Carter's repeated endorsements of "my friend Fritz" have a decidedly negative impact on Mondale's chances. That is particularly true in California—a crit-

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ten on television as a guest analyst. For his part, Billy Carter, the former president's free-wheeling younger brother, who ran ashore of the Internal Revenue Service for failing to declare the \$228,000 earned as a foreign agent for Lloyds, has liquidated his Miami assets, selling the gas station, the family home and the adjacent softball field where the Carter boys played ball. With the proceeds, he paid off the IRS and moved to Alabama to sell mobile homes. Six months ago the 46-year-old Carter returned to Way Cross, Ga., an unassuming former for Best Buys, another mobile-home manufacturer. The aura of celebrity has faded. The man who inspired Billy Beer and embarrassed a president with blunt talk has become just another hard-working, good at Georgia, boy. All of this, some say is a fleeting moment. ☐

## COLUMN

# How churches go astray

By Barbara Amiel

The billboards are all over Toronto. They depict the Cross and bear a single line of prose: DARE TO BE A PRIEST LIKE ME. There is a shortage of priests in the local archdiocese, and this is a recruitment campaign.

Once the priesthood was considered a vocation—a calling from God, not from a billboard. To some of us, the current shortage of priests does more to confirm the existence of God than all theological arguments combined. As all-knowing God would most certainly have stopped calling priests to today's church, and all the billboards in the world are unlikely to lure Him to call again. In fact, it may be time for all good men, Christian or otherwise, to take the offensive against those elements in churches of all denominations that have crossed the line separating legitimate critics of society from enemies of the state. Churchmen are leading the fight to destroy—not improve—the system of racism and sexism upon which Western liberal democracy is founded, and substitute for it a usually bankrupt form of Marxism.

It is intriguing to put the subject in some historical perspective. An observer might be forgiven for suggesting that the church in this century seems to have found the Where of Babylon in the persons of whoever happened to be the strongest dictator of the moment. The actions of the Vatican, for example, have ranged from casual acquiescence in Spain to intimate collusion with Hitler and Mussolini. In Lutheran Germany itself there was scarcely a Protestant pulpit that would have called its faithful to protest the rise of the Nazis. The Nazis, in fact, were exempted into the dark, elemental world of all-mighty churches (with the exception of the fundamentalist movements) started the same friction with the tyrannical movement that replaced Hitler's regime.

That is not to say, of course, that there were not individual churchmen who demonstrated unconquering bravery in the face of oppression. Nor would one wish to pass an easy judgment on the complex situation of the church in totalitarian regimes. There is something severely upsetting about the anti-Churchism of the late Hungarian Jesuit Cardinal Mindszenty, who went into self-imposed exile after the Soviet invasion of his country and simply refused to deal with evil tyrants. The fact that in his personal being the medieval may have been supplanted man with medieval ideas should not blind us to the fact that medieval men are still preferable to fascist or Communist ones.

The friction of Christianity with communism today may still only involve a minority within the established churches. But it also seems to be the minority in control of dispensing the funds raised on Sundays—funds raised from people who may well still bring their tithes to to be sure to establish Marxist states in Africa and Latin America.

Initially, these political activists in clergy's clothing were careful to make sure the targets of their moral indignation were well outside the sphere of their "pastoral" knowledge. The World Council of Churches (WCC), which most major denominations belong, gave money to the "new economic

order's" clothing were careful to make sure the targets of their moral indignation were well outside the sphere of their "pastoral" knowledge. The World Council of Churches (WCC), which most major denominations belong, gave money to the "new economic

**'Some churchmen seem intent on destroying the values and beliefs upon which Western liberal democracy is based'**

order's" in Vietnam, which according to a recent CBS *60 Minutes* feature are more accurately described by critics as forced labor camps. The WCC sent money to such terrorist groups as FRELIMO (the Frente de Libertação de Moçambique) and INCRA (the South-West African People's Organization). A protest began, however, of making Marxism respectable—in itself, so that it could be used by the religious. Christianity and introduced as an alternative to the liberal democratic system in Canada.

On the 60 Minutes program aired on Jan. 25, Rev. Philip Potter, a Methodist minister from Denmark and general secretary of the WCC, made a number of revealing statements. He stated that East Germany was a land of "barbed wire and armed that it was possible to a clergyman to visit parishes and mingle with people. Potter stated that "Marxist strategy was a useful tool for the church in understanding and solving problems of our time. By this he seemed to mean that if we were interested in eradicating poverty—which so

one would say to be a legitimate concern of the church as an institution—Marxism could help.

Marxist theory, of course, is behind the working paper on the necessity of unemployment by our own Roman Catholic bishops, led by Ron De Maes, the bishop of Victoria, B.C. Their all-out attack on any free enterprise system, and the profit motive is filled with such Marxist clichés as "the rights of workers are more important than the maximization of profits" and "the needs of the poor have priority over the wants of the rich." Unfortunately, those who feel in their bones that this is not what Christianity is made of may not have either the intellectual background or the debating skills to combat it.

Marxism can be seen in two ways. Insofar as it can be looked at as a movement, it is an economic system. But by its economic theory, from the concept of surplus value to the movement of capital, has been entirely discredited. Unlike capitalism, its practice has brought nothing but chaos, misery and oppression to the people under it. The second, broader way of looking at Marxism is as a quasi-religion. In this sense, however, Marxism is totally at variance with the most basic values of Christianity. It is popular, of course, to say that Marxism is not communism. This is somewhat like saying that, also, Hitler's Germany was a caricature of the noble writings of Nietzsche appended Joseph-Arthur Goebbels or the great ideas of Plato and Aristotle.

In this liberal democracy, one would not wish to deny any priest, whether churchman or not, the right to turn into Marxist or Marxist. But one would say that such people cease to be Christians. One would expect that, having long shed the spiritual resources and crucifixion of the Christian faith, the clergy would finally shed the official sentiments that cloak their ideas with the moral authority of Christianity.

Of course, the church is not without blame itself. Long ago, when churchmen of all persuasions were asking the question "How can we make God relevant to contemporary society?" the whole pack should have been asked: "The legitimate question was 'How can we make contemporary society relevant to God?' As the apostle Paul wrote: 'We are not to continue to influence the church, the answer to that question may lie in finally casting their ideas away.'



# Clark rallies his allies

By Carol Gear

The leather-padded doors of the Railway Conservative Room, where Joe Clark formally resigned as leader of the Opposition last week, are practically soundproof. But before 300 gathered for Clark's weekly caucus meeting, the Progressive Conservatives swept the room for electronic bugs and posted its security guards outside both exits. The precautions seemed silly three hours later as the 100 MPs in the meeting poured out of the room, eagerly declaring that harmony had been restored in a party lacerated by its disarray. "I'm so happy I don't tell you how happy I am," said Nelson to Otto Jelinek, one of Clark's most ardent critics at the party's convention in Winnipeg on Jan. 28, where 83.1 per cent of voting delegates called for a formal leadership review. The vibrant mood-change meant that there had been some clever men sneering behind those padded doors. The Tories have entered an uneasy interregnum of waiting, internal plotting and public face-saving.

For Clark it was a week of painful deaths. Although he hung onto his position as leader of the party and kept his publicly paid residence, he officially resigned as Tory leader in the House. He also gave up one-third of his \$100,000 salary after caucus members ousted 56-year-old House leader Erik Nielsen as interim Opposition leader. The two men cheerfully switched seats in the House at Caucuses, prepared to exchange offices, and decided which seven aides from Clark's 50-member staff would accompany the resigned leader into the wilderness. Most details still had to be decided. A date and location for the party's leadership convention will be set when the national executive meets next week. The executive will also decide whether Clark must give up his position as Progressive Conservative leader as well as that of leader of the Opposition.

Despite his Ottawa losses, Clark still managed to keep his theory alive of how the spread when he addressed 1,000 Nova Scotia PCs at their annual meeting in Halifax. The occasion also gave him the chance to do a little low-key campaigning. In a 36-minute speech, Clark hit 21 security omissions, and the affair threatened to turn into a one-man Clark tour of the audience, with each member an "A" fuzzy thing hap-



Nielsen and Clark after caucus: nothing was stirred down their throats.

pened to as on the way to Nova Scotia.

The weekly meeting of the party's caucus was the focus of last week's drama. Clark opened the session with a five-minute statement offering his resignation as Opposition leader and recommending Nielsen, one of his most faithful supporters and one of the party's most skilled parliamentary strategists in 22 years, as a new leader. He was selected—probably in early June. Then he vacated the leader's chair and sat with the rest of caucus. Former Defence Minister George Haas, who represents the Ontario riding of Northern Ontario, jumped to his feet and nominated Ottawa-area MP Walter Baker, a boss leader under the Tories' ill-fated

seven months in office. There was a brief debate until the gentlemanly 52-year-old Baker, who earlier had declined his willingness to serve, withdrew his name. That opened the way for Nielsen's unanimous confirmation as interim leader.

The transition from Clark to loyalist Nielsen went surprisingly smoothly. Before the meeting general Mrs. Jelinek, being the most vocal, vowed to oppose Nielsen's appointment, because he was too closely allied with Clark to serve the rest of the caucus impartially as other leadership contenders emerged from the ranks. But all of Clark's critics remained silent when the time came to choose. Jelinek explained that he was

aggressed with Clark's sensitive handling of the meeting.

The dynamics of the meeting went beyond the simple choice of an interim leader. Nielsen's path was smoothed when caucus Chairman Ben Hootington, an outspoken Clark critic, announced that he was resigning his important caucus post. Hootington insists that he quit because he was disappointed after the Winnipeg convention that Clark's supporters had a different version of events. They said the 61-year-old Vancouver millionaire was forced out because of indifferent statements in Winnipeg that Clark had struck a quiet deal with caucus 12 months ago, saying he would resign if he failed to improve on the 66-per-cent endorsement he got at the party's 1984 general meeting. Dissailing one of the secret rules of Parliament (Hill)—that caucus discussions are secret—the Clark forces believed that the caucus chairman had committed an unforgivable error by revealing privileged party information. "His performance was terribly inappropriate," said a pro-Clark MP.

Clark was given an all-party standing ovation when he entered the House for the first time after the convention but, for the most part, he kept a low profile and was silent in the Commons. One trend, noting that the former Opposition leader seemed relieved to have Winnipeg behind him, declared: "It's a tremendous load off his shoulders." Another agreed that Clark, although he was tired, "is as much at peace with himself as I have ever seen him."

Still, the aftermath of Winnipeg has been costly. Clark's resignation meant a salary cut of \$38,500 a year. He also handed over to Nielsen his car and driver, his elegant Country Club office and his large quarters of Parliament Hill. In exchange, he got Nielsen's comfortable but less luxurious office in Parliament's East Block. If his colleagues had wanted to make his difficult for Clark, they could have forced him to move out of Stornoway, the government-financed Opposition leader's residence in fashionable Rockville, but instead they unanimously urged Clark, his wife, Maureen, and their six-year-old daughter to continue to remain.

Many voters once have said to be tied. For one thing, it is unclear whether the national executive will want Clark to retain his position as party leader and whether he even wants to keep it. For another, the leadership review has not begun to take shape. While supporters of Peter Lougheed went public with a draft campaign, Clark's only real challenges were guesses and phantasies. As one hopeful Clark aide said, "So far, we're running against Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck."

With Michael Chabon in (Edmonton).

## The book on the contenders

As the turbulent Conservative party moves to regroup last week, under new leadership, one leader John Crocker struck a note of resignation when he briefly introduced himself to visiting Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak. And another, "We're the official Opposition but we're hoping to change that sometime in this century." Mubarak could be forgiven if he found the various cantors of the Conservative party hard to follow—just as Canadians themselves might wonder why anyone would want Joe Clark's position. Indeed, Tacitus Hobbes could have written a job description for a Conservative leader's career: "Military, poetry, strategy and short." Still, there is no shortage of Conservatives already measuring their chances and developing tactics for a possible run at the leadership.

Among early favorites:



Alberta's Lougheed and Newfoundland's Chabon: who will make the first move?



John Crocker, 52, a rich St. John's lawyer and longtime Liberal who first won his Commons seat in a 1976 by-election, was Clark's finance minister until his "short-term pact" trigger triggered the quick collapse of the Conservative government in 1979. Crocker's public wit is thought to be a dangerous affliction among current Canadian voters, but he enjoys wide support in business circles across the country. He would not be the first ballot at a convention but might become, says one adviser, "everybody's second choice." Aides say he has decided to run but he will not announce it until after the party's national executive meets this month to set a convention date.

however, not to be the first in the race after Clark. But the Clark-McLaurin pairing has already started in Quebec. **Peter Lougheed**, 54, Alberta's premier since 1971, astutely took himself out of the running last week—but that does not foreclose future options. Lougheed is popular among party right wingers, including some of those who first campaigned for a leadership review more than two years ago. Indeed, as many as 38 MPs have already helped start a "Draft Lougheed" group. Alberta's daily newspapers and some party officials are also vigorously promoting his candidacy. (Herald) The Calgary Star (FEB. 10, p. 14). He is, however, unlikely to run unless Clark withdraws (as some

• **www.ckc.ca**, CKC's Web site, 387, denounces anything that has the potential to end the federal leadership—and that can be now taken at face value. Davin knows that among Tories in other provinces he is trusted by his support of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's patronage of the Constitution. At the same time, as a successfully contract premier, he might not be welcomed in a national party that feels itself in a small conservative mood. Some of his dissenters are arguing him to stay out of "the vortex" of a leadership fight.

David Crombie, M.P., the former mayor of Toronto, also claims that he has not decided whether to run, but in Ottawa last Sunday he is presumed to be a centrist. Crombie entered the Commons in a 1976 by-election and served as Clark's health minister—but was not in Clark's health cabinet. He is labelled as a Red Tory and might have to be first in the race to give himself time to improve his image with the party's right wing. Like Craxie, he does not have much support in Quebec, his French, though better than Craxie's, possibly of the language, is described by one Montreal Tory as "thin-as-lambs."

It is still far too early to draw definite trends from candidates. Even the climate contenders will make their moves only after the convention date is finally settled. They will also be coming up their financial support, a run for the leadership could cost \$200,000 or more. As for the party's future, the views of Clark in 1970 who was barely credible at the start among those in Edmontonton's cabinet, maliborative and self-polluting. Another potential nominee is steady-going Michael Wilson of the party, the true dominator in the Clark cabinet. He is widely respected and bears impeccable business credentials but is not a man to excite passions in a party seeking an exciting leader. Montreal lawyer Peter Rankin, another dark horse, has been in the cabinet since 1969. Party president and exiles endures through his three-year exile, he has no great love of support but might gather up a few Quebec delegates and try to haul his way into a kingmaker role at the convention. But whoever the candidates are, the Tory leaders will again have a Hobbesian "glancing view of the condition of man." "A war of every against every."

—Joan Hart in Ottawa, with files from Julie Van Dusen in Ottawa and Anne Reine in Montreal.

GETTING

## The bosses eat their cake

A crisis cabinet meeting called in Quebec last week to discuss the continuing school strike by about 100,000 civil servants and public sector workers turned into a party of sorts after Premier René Lévesque and his ministers concluded that they did not have much to do. True, 90,000 teachers had been off work for a week, leaving 1.3 million students without classes, and 8,000 nurses were out of action, but the strike slowed the bureaucratic paper flow. Yet hospitals virtually functioned normally. The Quebec Communist Front more than 200,000 government employees rioted in the face of equally about the strike and the last-minute contract agreements that depleted its membership. The cabinet postponed discussion of bank back-to-work legislation and—after warning that it might

tively accepted a government offer that made concessions on wage rollbacks for the 20,000 porters. After 28,000 nurses had already agreed to similar terms the previous weekend and cancelled their planned strike. A further threat to medical good order occurred at midweek when some militant shop stewards of the succeeded hospital employees defied their country's ceasefire and called for a renaissance of the strike. The 60,000 hospital workers decided to vote again the week. Meanwhile, 20,000 other hospital workers, members of the Federation of Nurses, held to their decision to accept the last govern-

For their part, teachers petulantly protested against media treatment of their strike, which, they charged, ignored their concern for the quality of education. And there was little evidence



Government office worker trying to go to work, apathy and embarrassment

strikers would continue to be prosecuted, both for trying to stop others from reporting to work and for not being on the job themselves—sent out to renowned Quebec City restaurant *Chau Gault* for a gourmet meal that included beautifully decorated dessert cakes.

At the start of the week, couriers were disrupted in about half the province's hospitals when orderlies, cleaners, technicians and anaesthetists went on strike. But, after only 53 per cent of 80,000 hospital workers answered a strike, some 48,000

reported to work as usual. By midnight all strikers were back on the job after their frustrated union leaders testa-

of public sympathy for the teachers, most of whom earn more than the \$22,378 salary that qualifies them for the full extent of the government wage rollback. When one group of parents in the Montreal suburb of Pierrefonds succeeded in getting a court injunction ordering their school staff back to work, dozens of similar procedures were initiated across the province. And sympathy picket lines set up by other groups of government workers slipped away. Said one government-employed lawyer who marched, "Essentially, it

—ANNE BRADY  
in Montreal



The Singers reunited with their team, the Mountie, offered to shoot the dig.

## THE NORTH

## Arctic survival or theft?

Wall and Patricia Singer were departing the Mag Asteroid on the northwest coast of Ellesmere Island about 900 km from the North Pole last August when a Twin Otter aircraft crashed out of the sky. The plane was scheduled to pick up members of the Geological Survey of Canada, but, to the consternation of the Singers, a youthful 1987 console engine failed to start. Instead of continuing a circuitous 7,400-km journey to Greenland by dog sled, the Singers were given 15 minutes to get ready for a flight south to Resolute. The Monteale also advised them that if they could not decide when to do with their five dogs—their only means of transport—they would have to shoot them and leave them behind.

A sympathetic government biologist allegedly offered to stay with the dogs, and the distraught Staggers left for Illinois, where they pleaded guilty to a charge of theft under \$500 and paid a \$100 fine. But once the Staggers regrouped with their equipment and dog team, the couple was overwhelmed by a sense of injustice. They launched an appeal with the Northwest Territories Supreme Court, changing their plea to not guilty. That appeal for northern justice was finally heard last week in Yellowknife.

The charge against the couple—Will, 38, and Patricia, 31, ran a winter survival school in Minnesota—was laid af-

ter they were seen taking food for their dogs—tinned, but decorated, pemmican and bacon—from a 20-year-old cache at Lake Hazen on the northern tip of Ellesmere Island. Three university students doing botanical research nearby observed the feeding. Two of the researchers later filed statements with the Resolute RCMP accusing the couple of theft. By the time the two dogs appeared off in court, the cache had grown beyond alleged petty pilfering of governmental property to a question of the traditional rules of survival in the Arctic.

As a stickdrop, young conservationists, defending their scientific preserve, squared off against wilderness adventurers like the Rogers who roamed freely over the northern tundra. Ecologist Joyce Gould, a University of Toronto graduate student, testified that the Rogers were "disturbing things in the North and relying on things that were left behind." Despite the fact that the Rogers have travelled extensively in the Canadian Arctic—while avoiding landfills, even at one \$4,000-a-week

But 35-year-old Calgary geologist Robert Christie, who helped establish the Lake Huxley cache in 1967, asserted "It's criminal and preposterous to accuse someone with no prior record of this kind of behavior."

most, there were more than \$50,000. The long arm of Canadian immigration was even more threatening. Feeling humiliated and upset, the Stagers originally pleaded guilty to a minor offense in hopes of ending the matter. But shortly afterward, immigration officials warned them that their case was vital to the future of the Arctic. Their plans were in jeopardy. "The heart and soul of the case is that two rigid scientists considered the Arctic their domain, and we were outsiders," argues Patricia Stager. The third researcher at the Lake Hazen camp, Riklan Schwartz, supported the point in court. She testified that the three scientists abused and harassed her, and that she was in danger of her life and health. She said she and her husband and three children were threatened and harassed in the old government camp.

But the real crux of the case was whether or not the Rogers were free-loading without being in dire straits. According to Wil Rogers's testimony, he and his wife were totally self-sufficient. They had furs in food ahead of their scheduled Arctic steps. The tanned cache of food, explains Wil Rogers, was simply a means of fattening his dogs. "If food scraps that's garbage, that's going to waste, why not use it?" he adds.

With 30 years' experience travelling in Canada's North, Will Stager was convinced that northern hospitality would see them through any trouble. That faith was upheld by a not-guilty verdict delivered by N.W.T. Supreme Court Judge Mark deWeert. The Stagers will soon be back on the trail again as they continue their journey to Alaska.

—SANDRA SOKOLOFF is a Yellowknife

## Bidding farewell to the old Crow

The Liberals called it a "Western Transportation Initiative," but in the language of many Prairie grain farmers it was nothing less than an unworkable plan to end their historic subsidy. For decades the Greenest Pass freight rate has been a veritable *raison d'être* for many farmers. When Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin attended the Crow's death knell in Winnipeg last week, the political landscape was reminiscent of a cornfield. Ottawa's elaborate plan included a proposed freight increase in grain freight rates by the end of the decade and the promise of a surge in railway building across the West. Just how risky the initiative was became apparent when Pepin spent the rest of the week trekking across the Prairies in an attempt to sell his plan, all the while sliding around farmers who dug his every step.

The minister's rowdiest encounter in Saskatchewan, where he was jostled by a group of 100 demonstrators

**When the historic subsidy is gone, farmers will no longer ship a bushel of grain for half the postage on a letter**

when he tried to enter a Saskatoon hotel for a news conference. The next day in Regina, Pepin's nose left the airport, he met reporters in a second floor room at the terminal rather than, as scheduled, at a hotel where 70 protesters awaited his arrival. When the demonstrators learned that Pepin was not going to show, they moved to the airport and jammed the hallway outside the news conference, shouting their chants of "Keep the Crow, let Pepin go."

Since 1955 the Crow has paid the rate railway can charge western farmers to haul their grain at half a cent per ton per mile. For example, a Saskatchewan farmer could ship a bushel of grain to Prince Rupert in British Columbia for roughly half the price of moving a letter the same distance. The Crow rate was a federal government concession won from the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1957 in exchange for granting the railway the land to drive a line through the mountains into northern British Columbia. While proponents of Prairie farmers proudly guarded the

Crow, the railways eyed it. In 1980-81 they lost \$611 million hauling grain. As a result, while the western rail transportation network deteriorated, the CNA and Canadian National refused to invest money in the system. The culprit, according to Pepin and the railways, was the labyrinthine Crow, which, they argued, had led to an inefficient grain delivery system that cost Canada more than \$1 billion in lost grain sales in the late 1970s.

In Winnipeg, Pepin did not stilt at the hyperbole when he unveiled the basis of the government's planned legis-

lation. Facing a room packed with reporters, and with grain trade observers watching as closed-circuit TV audio, he declared, "It is the greatest exercise in compromise since God created Adam and Eve." Unable to suppress a snarl, the minister nonetheless conceded that there had been no resistance among Prairie farmers in the past year over what the changes should be—only "a consensus on the need for change."

The final federal position closely follows the recommendations of University of Manitoba agricultural economist Clay Gilson, who was appointed a year

ago to study the Crow and report to the federal cabinet. Under the Pepin proposal, the government hopes it will pass Parliament before the start of the next crop year on Aug. 1—Ottawa wants itself to subsidize the \$524-million Crow shortfall on an annual basis and to share the funds between farmers and the railways for the first three years. To offset the offer, however, farmers would immediately have to assume the first three per cent of the costs to the railways caused by inflation. While under the Crow rate farmers paid an average \$4.50 per tonne, the new under-

would almost double by 1985-86 to \$9.25 per tonne—and after 1985 costs would further escalate when farmers would have to pay the first six per cent of inflation, if it is still running above that rate. But Ottawa argues that ending the Crow will free agriculture, especially in the West. Federal estimates are that western livestock output will increase by \$1 billion by 1990 with corresponding increases in meat-packing. This is why eastern farmers, especially those in Quebec, are so enraged. They are afraid that, with the cost of their feed grain rising, western livestock producers will

gain a huge price advantage. Dissenting the Crow because abundantly apparent as better factors either applied or denounced the proposal. Among the critics was Manitoba wheat pool President William Fraser, who claimed "the almost complete disregard for the wishes of a majority of grain producers." In contrast, Ivan McMillan of the Prairie Farm Community Action had seen the inspection of federal and favored money into the rail system will trigger a new era of western economic development. But the loudest howls were celebrated by the militant National Farmers Union. "This will go down in history as the greatest railway cost-cutting since the days of Sir John A. Macdonald," snarled NCU President Wayne Raster. The NCU has long argued that CP has been more than compensated for the hauling of grain because of the 48 million acres of land the government gave the great company. Yet surprisingly, railway executives heralded the proposal as a major breakthrough, recognizing that the federal government will spend about \$1 billion on the western rail system over the next four years. "This announcement will be remembered as the day Canada laid the cornerstone of a railway transportation policy that assures Canada's place as one of the world's largest trading nations," declared President J. Maurice LeClair. The union clarifies the way for about \$10.5 billion in improvements to their systems by 1993, the railways say.

Although the imminent end of the Crow was a rallying point for farm activists on both sides of the issue, it also earned, normally placid farmers like slanders—swearing denunciations. "I have been farming for 30 years and have never done anything like this before," condemned Wilfrid White of Prince, Sask., as he took part in a "Save the Crow" demonstration in Swift Current last week. "All I had to do was look at my balance sheet for the past few years to realize the end of the Crow could be the end of me." The old facts for Prairie farmers not only reveal depressed wheat prices, when producers cannot realize, but drops in net farm income over the past two years of 17 per cent in Alberta, 34 per cent in Saskatchewan and six per cent in Manitoba. The focus of the Swift Current rally was the annual western producers' conference. But, when farmers grew up themselves, the producers could not reach a consensus on the fractious Crow question. Unlike Pepin, they took the safe course and called for "further detailed assessment of the ongoing process."

—DALE EYLER in Regina, with Peter Carlisle-Groves in Winnipeg.



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## WORLD

# An exodus of the unwelcome

**T**o the shoving, brawling, half-starved mob it was at best a lukewarm reception. WELCOME TO GHANA proclaimed the hastily designed bulletin board just inside the Ghana-Togo border at Aflao. Refugees from Nigeria's crumbling economy and internal politics, hundreds of thousands of non-Nigerians were victims of the Lagos government's Jan 17 edict by Jan 31 all illegal, unemployed and unskilled foreign workers had to leave the country. The order prompted the largest migration on the continent since the mid-1960s. Club-wielding police drove the refugees onto cattle carts, ships, buses, trucks, taxis, digger cabs and motorcycles. Some were fed on foot, clutching remnants of their existence in bleak Africa's recent nation. Mothers, string bags of meager goods and cheap stereo cassette players. All of them shared a private history of broken dreams.

Ghanaian nationals were by far the largest single group to flee Nigeria. But the miserable tide of roughly 1.5 million jobless and homeless deportees swelled across all of West Africa. In Togo, trucking ground to a halt as the country's fleet was requisitioned to ferry the refugees. Nations as far-flung as Senegal and Upper Volta rapidly constructed reception centres. But as the

desolate countries reeled under the sudden burden of hundreds of thousands of returning citizens, the refugees themselves faced an equally grim reality: there were fewer jobs in their homelands than when they had left to be part of Nigeria's oil dream.

The exodus West African tragedy once again highlighted the vulnerability of the world's estimated 25 million "guest workers." They work legally or without official papers in countries where they are tolerated only because they are prepared to work in jobs that most natives will not accept. They are discriminated against, usually underpaid (the Soviet Union's 11,000 Vietnamese guest workers earn as little as \$5 a month), and they are the first to suffer when their host countries' unemployment rates begin to rise. Still, as member nations have accepted the International Labour Organization's Social Reconnaissance, that migrant workers should have the right to appeal an expulsion order.

Last week, as oil prices weakened, three million

guest workers in the Gulf states, one million in Venezuela, and even foreign workers in the tiny oil-producing African nation of Gabon, also feared for their jobs. Gabon's 20,000 French nationals, most of them linked with the oil industry, have already been threatened with mass expulsion for opposing the country's new links with U.S. companies. But for the guest workers of Niger, whose oil markets have virtually dried up, the issue was already settled. A \$4-billion drop in oil revenues and an unemployment rate of almost 50 per cent had stirred public discontent with Prime Minister Sheikh Shagari's government, which faces a general election in six months.

As an expelled foreign worker, Stephen Anzoi, remarked bitterly, "We have seen the devil, and he is a Nigerian politician seeking to win an election."

Compounding the brutal two-week timetable given to Nigeria's guest workers was the fact that few of them could afford the exorbitant plane fare home. As

Ghanaians fleeing Nigeria (left) and above: falling oil prices and ensuing xenophobia

many as 100,000 camped for a week on the open docks of Lagos port waiting for boats, then, frantically clanging to portables and rigging on the boats departed, they made the 16-hour trip to Accra.

For days, travelling by grossly overloaded boats seemed the refugees' only option. Overland routes were inaccessibly because the intervening border between Togo and Ghana had been closed since Sept. 21 as part of a regional dispute. But the flood of refugees to transit camps strung across the 130-km route from Nigeria through Benin and Togo to the closed border at Aflao quickly overwhelmed their holding capacity.

Diplomatic pressure mounted in Ghana to reach an agreement with Togo. Then, on Jan 25, Togo's president, Gen. Gnassingbe Eyadema, summoned Ghana's minister of the interior, Johnny Hansen, to the Togolese capital. After a stormy argument, the two men dove in the Benin-Togo border at Savaré-Kandji, where the Ghanaians saw thousands of refugees buddled between the border posts, starving and shivering in the chill night. He immediately fired off a Telex to his superior in Accra. The government relented, on Jan 30 it opened the border crossing (open for 12 hours and, two days later, agreed to keep it open around the clock).

Meanwhile the cracking machinery of international aid rambled into action. Last week the European Community sent \$4 million to help feed the deportees. Canada has preliminarily earmarked \$100,000, and last Saturday of March the UN Disaster Relief Office (UNDRO) arrived in Accra to co-ordinate

UN efforts. But the refugees themselves credited gifts of bread, kumona and water from private citizens of Togo and Benin for their survival. Among them was Kwame Asumadu, who told *Africa* that the exodus had been particularly painful for him and his wife. "She was nine months pregnant, but we had no choice," he said. Asumadu's wife gave birth at the Ghanaian border. But both mother and child are healthy. "God is wonderful," Asumadu rejoined. Indeed, the expulsion was remarkably free of disaster.

To justify the expulsions, the Lagos government argued that the guest workers had been responsible for a rising crime rate and for religious riots which resulted in at least 4,000 deaths in 1983 and hundreds more last October. In fact the few aliens implicated in these riots were not Ghanaians, but Muslim fundamentalists from Cameroon.

Still, most African nations excused their criticism of Nigeria's arbitrary move. But in the long run, the country's spasm of xenophobia may undercut the credibility of its proponent of regional economic co-operation. But Julius Nyerere, an African trade specialist now studying at the University of Toronto

"As others see that Nigeria's position, and its commitment to joint projects in the region, are at the mercy of North Sea oil prices, they will begin to look for other allies." For the rest of West Africa, the eventual impact could be even more destructive. Upper Volta has lost the contributions that its citizens working abroad used to send to their destitute homeland—payments that equal as much as 95 per cent of its export earnings. In Ghana the military government of Flt. Lt. Jerry Rawlings faces the awesome prospect of trying to reinvigorate the depressed into the country's moribund agricultural sector. The country's political system, rocked by the coup that brought Rawlings to power in late 1981 and further shaken by a second unsuccessful coup attempt last November, remains an open question. Its population has grown by almost five per cent in two weeks.

As the dust of the exodus begins to settle, the global issue of guest workers remains. Despite the sympathy endorsed by the refugees, an internationally recognized code protecting guest workers remains a distant dream. Western nations, grappling with double-digit unemployment figures, are becoming increasingly uneasy toward their immigrant workers. Ottawa is currently considering putting its estimated 200,000 illegal aliens on six years' probation rather than expelling on its original intention to grant them as amnesty. In the future, the world's roads may likely to become choked at any time with people whose cheap labor is no longer as asset.

—Val EGOS in Toronto, with Cameron Woods in Accra and Marc McDonald in Paris

Shagari publicly welcome



## The charge of the Fifth Brigade

When assumed white farmers in Zimbabwe's western province of Matabeleland demanded protection from anti-government dissidents last summer, Premier Robert Mugabe was quick to respond. Fearing that any further erosion of territorial waters would choke off the nation's economic recovery, Mugabe sent 5,000 soldiers of the sixth Fifth Army Brigade to put out the rebels. But last week *Opposition Leader Joshua Nkomo* bitterly accused the government forces of slaughtering 50 Matabeleland civilians in the previous week. And many residents said they regretted the fact that the brigade had ever arrived. Had one white farmer caught in the cross fire. "These guys have caused more deaths in the past week than the dissidents caused in a year."

The violence in Matabeleland has strong tribal overtones. Last year Mugabe's ruling Zimbabwe African National Union party (ZANU), which represents 53 million Shona tribesmen, ousted Nkomo and his Zimbabwe African Political Union party (ZAPU) from the newly independent country's coalition government. Mugabe charged that ZAPU, which represents 16 million Ndebele, had been plotting a coup. Since then, disaffected ZAPU members and quarters from the armed forces—as many as 10,000 of Mugabe's former guerrilla wing, Zimbabwe People's Revolutionary Army (ZIPRA)—have been blamed for guerrilla activity in Matabeleland, home of the Ndebele tribe. Nkomo has condemned and disavowed the rebels. But in the past several weeks the government troops, made up mainly of Shona tribesmen, have apparently carried out Mugabe's now that odd-blooded soldiers will themselves "do it cold blood." Said William, a ZAPU member of parliament, last week. "People are being killed like chickens."

Kona's charge was angrily rebutted by Minister of State with Special Responsibility for Defense Sydney Sekeramayi. The task of the security forces, and Sekeramayi, is to "neutralize the dissidents and protect the local population." He said that he deplored the deaths of innocent civilians, but he warned that the "dissidents' infrastructure" can only be destroyed if the civil-

ians in Matabeleland withdrew their support for the movement.

Still, the methods that the army is using to tackle the infrastructure problem are now causing widespread concern in Matabeleland. Last week 20 people who were recovering from gunshot and bayonet wounds in the province's capital, Bulawayo, said that they had been attacked by troops. They claimed that they had no connection with the guerrillas and that they had been wounded when soldiers colonized the villages and demanded to know the reli-

gion's leader. An article in the requested London weekly *New Statesman* last month said that at one camp, 1500 detainees, more than 5000 adults and children were being held on suspicion of being rebels. They lack food, shelter and sanitary facilities. The *New Statesman* also said that they were systematically tortured. One former detainee has described how prisoners were tied to trees and beaten. And in one particularly brutal instance, a detainee named Rikford Shaba was castrated.

But last week attention was focused on the activities of the Fifth Army Brigade, which in 1981 received special military and political training from a 100-man North Korean unit. The Ndebele consider the brigade to be a tribal and



Zimbabwean government troops, often charged that 'people are being killed like chickens'

tribe, whereas those who responded said that when they replied, "I don't know," they were promptly attacked. Meanwhile, refugees who have streamed into Bulawayo to escape the fighting have been given little protection. On Jan. 30 government troops surrounded a suburban Methodist church and removed 35 young men. "We have no idea where they are now," said lay preacher Bernard Mubwema. "Some of the people here believe they may have been executed."

At the same time, there are acknowledged reports of a network of six autonomous camps similar to those operated by the former white government of Ian Smith. Ironically, many of the prisoners are being held under the same law-and-order effect used to maintain Robert Mugabe during his own time as

political weapon wielded by Mugabe in his campaign for a one-party state, a goal that he has said would be achieved only through coercion.

Until recently it was the Ndebele dissidents who were blamed for violence in Matabeleland. The rebels, who in the past year have killed 150 people, have been blamed by government officials with South Africa's local subversion agencies. But last week's disclosures forced the Mugabe government to turn its attention inward, and Sekeramayi was quick to promise an investigation. Indeed, control of the Fifth Brigade may well prove to be the government's most important priority if it is to prevent tribal skirmishing from flaring into a full-scale regional battle.

—JACOB MURRAY, in Pretoria, with Nick Worrall on Bulawayo

## BRITAIN

## Turning the tap on the Tories

When Britain's prime minister, Margaret Thatcher, almost refused to grant a 10-per-cent wage increase to the country's 10,000 waterworkers last fall, there was hardly a ripple of discontent. After all, Thatcher's government had taken on and defeated some of Britain's most powerful unions during its three years in office. But the waterworkers, who run the country's water-supply system, refused to bend under government pressure. And in Jan. 82 they defied Thatcher and declared a nationwide strike.

As a result of the walkout, seven million people have been forced to boil their drinking water to prevent contamination. Not only that, 10,000 households had no water at all; lead levels rose alarmingly in soft-water areas (by 100 per cent in Manchester and Liverpool) because of improperly treated water dissolving the lead in pipes, and raw sewage was being pumped into three of the country's major rivers. The strikers themselves managed to prevent new sewage from spilling into the streets by maintaining some essential services. But a shortage of clean water to turn hydro turbines posed an increasing threat to Britain's power supplies. At the same time, the cheapest industry, which uses 6.3 billion litres of water a day, faced the prospect of having to impose severe layoffs.

Still, the waterworkers stuck to their demands for parity with employees in other sectors. For its part, the National Water Council, the industry's governing body, raised its offer of a four-per-cent increase to 7.5 per cent over 18 months. It also promised productivity deals, which it claimed would give the employees £250 a week, against £200 for gas and £230 for electrical workers. But so no avail. Declared Thatcher: "Most people will feel that with that offer, they are agitated in putting everyone in great difficulties."

The prime minister had personal as well as policy reasons to be angry. Her own riding of Pinchley was the first London district to lose its water supply because of a burst main. But she also feared the need to compromise in order to avoid a hard-fought defeat. At work's end, with British waterworkers set to join their English and Welsh colleagues on the picket lines, Thatcher appeared ready to back down. A new and more generous government offer raised hopes that the water would start flowing normally again.

—CAREY KENNEDY in London.



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MAGAZINE'S FEBRUARY 14, 1982

## The West widens the options

U.S. Vice-President George Bush described his trip as a mission "steeped in morality." Only once during his seven-day, spin-off-fairing European swing last week did he seem to live of defending his position with words of almost religious fervor. The only blow came as the 56-year-old Bush momentarily ran out of steam in front of 200 newsmen in The Hague. Stammering Bush, loudly "I don't want to sound like Billy Graham, but, well, the truth is on our side."

Bush was preaching to both the converted and the unconvinced about the righteousness of Ronald Reagan's superpower nuclear missile proposals. But as

concessions from Moscow through consensus agreement on the zero option. On the other, they must contend with domestic satiationist newsmen. Nuclear disarmament is a crucial issue in West Germany's current election campaign and will be the same in Britain if Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher decides to call an election this year.

To a large extent, Bush's shuttle was an attempt at damage control. And it closely resembled another ferry by a senior administration figure last week. While Bush was addressing Europeans, Secretary of State George Shultz was locked in typically low-key but vital dis-

creet to ban intermediate-range nuclear hardware "from the face of the earth." The offer was quickly snubbed. Andropov dismissed it as simply a re-statement of Washington's long opinion.

Predictably, Reagan's staunchest European ally (disputed with the Soviet leader: West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, for one, described Reagan's recent call as a "breakthrough for peace") and the disarmament call as a "great moral offer." Still, there were polite reservations. Kohl told Bush flatly that the issue of the deployment of the U.S. missiles is as sensitive in West Germany as it could decrease the outcome of the country's March 4 ballot. The chancellor added that progress at the Geneva talks is essential for his conservative Christian Democratic Union is to find off the growing challenge from the Social Democrats and



Shultz with Chinese State Councilor Fang Yi (left); Bush and entourage at the Berlin Wall, an exercise in damage control

his high-stiffness went through West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium and Switzerland—to be followed this week with visits to Italy, France and Britain—he seemed to satisfy neither. In The Hague he claimed that Washington was unshakable in its commitment to the zero option, under which NATO would scrap plans to station Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe in return for a dismantling of all Soviet SS-20 aimed at the Continent. Then he conceded that the White House might be ready to settle for merely a "significant reduction" in medium-range missiles.

It was an exercise in flexibility aimed at soothing European opinion. But it also indicated clearly that the United States and its NATO allies are trapped in a dilemma over the arms control issue. On the one hand, they hope to extract

concessions in Peking. Shultz's attempts to shore up Sino-U.S. relations appeared to be successful. "We have moved through some rocky stretches this past year," he conceded, referring to disputes over trade, technology transfers and a long-standing disagreement over U.S. arms sales to Taiwan. "But I think we are out in the clear again." Chinese Prime Minister Zhao Ziyang and Foreign Minister Wu Xueqian agreed with Shultz's assessment. "Problems of interpretation" over Taiwan had been cleared up, Wu said, and Zhao accepted a Reagan invitation to visit Washington.

By contrast, Bush's European swing began with a public—and controversial—statement. At a peak state dinner in Berlin the vice-president read an open letter from Reagan inviting Soviet leader Yuri Andropov to a summit ex-

the pacifist Green movement.

To that end, West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher claimed that the NATO allies were ready to compromise with Moscow. Emerging from talks with U.S. and Soviet negotiators in Geneva, he said that if the zero option proved unsatisfiable NATO would match a substantial outback in Soviet SS-20s already in place with a reduction in its deployment of the U.S. missiles. And even Bush himself seemed to find the Geneva air relaxing. At the end of the week he restated Washington's "moral position" but was careful to add, "There is not a take-it-or-leave-it proposition." What statesmen left a clear impression that the White House is involved in an intricate approach to a long-sought deal.

—PETER LEWIS in Brussels, with Michael Posner in Washington

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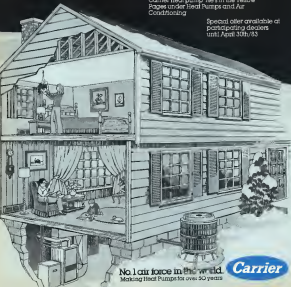
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## Harassment on the highways

In North Carolina, George Cierpe was cruising down Route 94, hauling a load of miscellaneous freight from Raleigh to Wilmington, when a bullet from a large-calibre revolver struck him in the neck and killed him instantly. In Utah another trucker was in serious condition after being shot in the chest. Across the United States last week there were more than 1,000 shoot-ups, fire-bombings, bomb-threats and acid-sprinklings after a decision by the United States' independent truckers to declare a nationwide strike as part of a protest against higher taxes.

The violence was sporadic but effective. The semi-trucked independents—about 100,000-strong—carry roughly 50 per cent of the country's perishable foods. And last week's shenanigans led to delays in harvesting, postponed shipments, and may reduce the supply of fresh produce reaching consumers in Canada as well as in the United States. Meanwhile, as National Guardsmen rode shotgun in helicopters, many Canadian drivers who have U.S. routes took their trucks off the road or drove only in daylight convoys. Said Vice President potato leader Gary Hatfield: "A load of potatoes is not worth a life."

The truckers' grievances arose from new federal legislation authorizing a five-cent-a-gallon increase in the gasoline tax and new excise taxes, as well as higher registration fees. The increased fuel surcharge will likely be passed directly on to consumers, but the resulting taxes threaten to bankrupt many of the independents. A federal highway tax, for one, will rise from \$266 a year currently to \$1,300 by 1988—a punitive increase for independents.

As the violence spread, six bills were tabled in Congress last week asking to amend or repeal the federal taxes. But they have little chance of passage. With fuel prices dropping and the other taxes not scheduled to take effect until 1988, public sympathy for the truckers' cause is limited. Indeed, the legislation also compensated the carriers by allowing them to use larger trucks and carry heavier loads on federal highways.

Still, the strikers successfully defied opposition from the American Trucking Association and the Teamsters. And if the strike continues, it could lead to higher prices for farm produce over the longer term, if more independents are forced out, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters stands to inherit the membership rolls of the former independents.

—MICHAEL POWERS in Washington



Malcolm Fraser: credited with responsibility for a balanced economy

## AUSTRALIA

### Labor blots an election script

In recent weeks Australians have become accustomed to political acts and extraneous Opera House is currently sweeping the nation, and a recently televised concert by Luciano Pavarotti and Joan Sutherland drew six million viewers, roughly 40 per cent of the population. But last week's melodrama on the political stage upstaged any Pavarotti from the Sydney Opera House.

The political theatre began playing in midweek when Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser went to Gov.-Gen. Sir Ninian Stephen in Canberra to ask his approval for a snap general election. Despite the poor economic record of his Liberal-National Party coalition, Fraser calculated that by calling a vote near months before the deadline he would back the Opposition Labor Party into a campaign under

William Hayden, 50, a lackluster leader who no longer enjoyed broad support from his colleagues.

But Fraser's careful script went sour. First, Stephen was too busy entertaining Polish diplomats to discuss Fraser's request. Then, before Fraser was able to announce a March 5 polling date, the Labor Party had chosen a new leader. To replace Hayden, the party chose Robert James Lee Hawke. Sexy and popular ex-trade union boss and the very opponent Fraser had hoped to avoid.

In the campaign itself, Australia's battered

economy will likely be the main focus of debate. The country is saddled with a 15-per-cent inflation rate and with record unemployment of 9.6 per cent after the loss of 200,000 jobs in 1982. Not only that, but Australia is running a record \$4-billion trade deficit, and several years of severe drought have badly shaken its agricultural base. Fraser's own popularity has plummeted in tandem with the economy. Last month West Australian Premier Ray O'Connor, a senior member of his own party, told Fraser bluntly to stay out of the state's Feb. 18 election campaign. "I don't think he would win on any state," said O'Connor. Indeed, Labor officials are now confident of winning the federal election. "A downer's [state leaders] day would lead the Labor Party to victory the way our country is," declared Hayden.

Months' special prominence

The party plans to give special prominence to its new leader during the campaign. That will not be difficult: Hawke is already a megastar, if slightly faded, folk hero. President of the Australian Council of Trade Unions for a decade, he has fought a long battle against alcoholism and has been criticized for his legendary womanizing. But he only needs a tiny swing in 11 seats of the 125-seat House of Representatives to catapult Labor into power. And, as in opera, vivid performers have a way of turning into stars. —PHILIP GORDON in Sydney

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# "Gulf Canada proposes a new approach to government/labour/business dialogue to eliminate confrontation and to speed economic recovery."

John Stoik

President and Chief Executive Officer, Gulf Canada Limited

Mr. Lakonde, Canada's Minister of Finance, has stated that the federal government will seek areas where it can act in close cooperation with business and labour to improve the financial health of the private sector as well as its ability to expand and prosper.

Gulf Canada suggests that one approach would be the formation of an advisory body with representatives from each sector. This consulting group could be modelled on successful examples in other countries. It is clearly time to lay aside self-interest and inflexible economic doctrine in the interest of the nation's well-being.



John Stoik

We are a trading nation. One quarter of our income in Canada comes from export business. Problems of productivity, investment, and other factors that can make us competitive cannot be solved by one sector alone. It will take consultation and joint decisions to get this country up out of its sagging international position.

As opposed to one-sided government intervention, Japan has set an example of labour/management/government cooperation that has surprised and worried many of us in North America by its aggressive success. While we believe our Canadian sense of individuality and personal enterprise would not tolerate many actions and activities that Japanese workers and businessmen do for granted, we also believe Canada can take parallel actions that

would make us a more powerful economic force in the world today.

Many European countries have used such consulting bodies with success. In West Germany there are 69 regional Chambers of Industry and Commerce whose views are channelled to the government through their central Association. The members of the Association are committed by law to objectivity and neutrality.

Their views are heard and contribute to the country's economic decisions.

We propose that Canada establish a body that can give our government realistic, objective advice - motivated not by politics or personal aggrandisement, but by a genuine interest in seeing businesses thriving and Canadians at work twelve months a year.

## How do we choose representatives for this consulting body?

While such a consulting body must have the need for private gain, members should be sufficiently well paid to attract top minds. Personal gratification at serving their country would be an important part of their reward.

Gulf Canada proposes that such an advisory group be comprised of active or recently retired people with top-level decision-making experience, such as deputy ministers, company chairmen, presidents and labour leaders - people who know the workings of the country from the firing line.

A group of this calibre could give advice on the evidence of the hour. It would be an action-oriented group able to give swift counsel to



A supply vessel takes shape at Vancouver Shipyard Limited. Construction of supply and ice-breaking vessels, operations bases and other equipment for Gulf Canada's Beaufort Sea Drilling system is feeding some \$240 million into the Canadian economy. With joint action by labour, industry and government, more major projects of this nature could be underway, creating jobs across Canada.

government and business on beneficial courses for our country to follow. Members would be freed from the strictures of their previous offices. Instead of one master, they could pursue ideas that are in the interest of the country.

These people could have instant communication with the people they know in business, labour and government. They could help make Canada a unified force - labour, management and government - to meet international competition as one.

Gulf Canada makes this proposal as a starting point.

Our proposal for a meeting of the minds among labour, industry and government is not intended to displace the long-range Macdonald Royal Commission on Economic Union and Development Projects for Canada.

This sort of consultative group is meant to fill the gap between the bleak present and a thriving future. The need is now.

## How do we start getting the money-makers and the money-spenders together?

Here, we call for government initiative. We believe a call for such cooperation will bring industry and labour running. Gulf Canada pledges full support should such a programme be initiated. We would supply manpower, office space and many contacts to get it going.

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# A Canadian with dreams of the NBA

By Ken Becker

He is a unique Canadian with the potential of starring in a sport that belongs to Americans: Len Rautins, a 22-year-old native of Toronto and a senior at Syracuse University, could become the first Canadian ever to have a serious chance of becoming one of the top players in the National Basketball Association (NBA). His lifetime dream has resulted in a battle against lung odds and, lately, he has been fighting uphill: Syracuse lost the season with 11 straight victories in the Big East Conference of the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA). But last week, as the team prepared to meet the University of Connecticut, Syracuse's record had slipped to 13-4, and the Canadian catchall was slumping. But in only 30 minutes of playing time against Connecticut, Rautins—he is six feet, eight inches tall and weighs 225 lb—scored 15 points, grabbed two rebounds and added three assists in an 89-69 winning effort. Says Marty Blake, scouting director of the NBA: "I don't have to see Rautins again. He should be a great pro player."

The senior-year Rautins as a first-round pick in the NBA's June draft, which is crucial since few players drafted later ever make it. For his part, Rautins is not anxious to look too far ahead. "Right now," he says, "I just want to enjoy my senior year." But he has been looking forward to the six days his Toronto childhood days. "When you are in the gym by yourself, you are always playing one-on-one against guys in your head." Referring to six all-star Jeffery Bragg, Rautins adds: "You are always playing against Dr. J. I've beaten them all. I've killed Dr. J. The only thing is, he doesn't know it."

Rautins' teenage years began at Kelle Street Public School, near his father's home in Toronto's west end. The greatest influence on the young Len was his older brother by eight years, George, who became a star at Niagara University in New York. At home, Rautins recalls, "There was a hoop about

100 yards from where we lived. George would hang guys up from the States. There was always a game." At first, George would not let his kid brother play. There were two hoops, one was twisted and bent. Inevitably, Len found himself consigned to the bad hoop as "mean B." When he was 11, Rautins was as mischievous as the rim. With one leg shorter than the other, he limped—until he underwent spinal surgery. The doctors told him that he would never be able to play basketball. But after the surgery he continued to gain strength as well as height, and he re-

sumed his basketball dreams.

"When I was in the fifth or sixth grade," he says, "I made up my mind that I was going to go to a U.S. college and make the NBA. All I ever did was play basketball. In the summertime I would sweat three or four days, until 10 or 11 o'clock at night. Afterward we would sneak into one of the apartment pools for a swim." By the time Rautins reached Grade 8 he was playing on men's teams. "George would still say, 'You stink, you can't jump,' but by the end of Grade 9 I could dunk the ball," Rautins says. "I guess I could jump. By the end of Grade 9 I was taller than George" (who is six feet, two inches tall). Now a business consultant and assistant basketball coach at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., brother George recalls: "I never let him feel entitled. I knew what the college level and better required. You night think you're doing a lot by practicing six hours a day, but somewhere in North America there is somebody practicing longer and better."

Rautins attended St. Michael's College School, where he was a one-time gang enforcer, 30 points a game. He gained a nationwide reputation as the finest basketball prospect ever raised in Canada. But he was still nervous about whether or not he would ever be recruited by a major U.S. university—and he worked harder. "I would play a high school game, then stay in the gym for a while and shoot. At night I would go right through the priest's residence, over the balcony and back into the gym. But the word wasn't out until after I made the Olympic team."

As a 17-year-old Grade 11 student, Rautins became the youngest player ever to make the Canadian national squad. "I first saw him in 1971 at our tryout camp," says national team coach Jack Donahue. "He did things instinctively. If he was driving to the basket, he would figure out a way to get around a guy. Holy motherhood, I thought, this kid's got a feel for it." Donahue entered the teenager during a tour of Europe and the Soviet Union against some

Rautins leading Syracuse: "the best since Larry Bird"



Photo by AP/Wide World

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Rustin dribbling past Connecticut's Earl Kelly. "This kid's got a feel for it!"

of the best international players. "I felt he could handle it, and he did," says Donahue. "His strengths have always been a super attitude and his commitment to the game."

When Rustin returned to St. Michael's for his senior year, the U.S. college scouts were waiting. Recall Don Prud'homme, still the St. Michael's basketball coach: "The first school that recruited him was North Carolina. [Last year's NCAA champion] Eddie Frazier, one of Carolina's assistant coaches, told Prud'homme that he had never seen anything like this kid. He's going to play pro ball." Adds Prud'homme: "That's when I started believing."

Says Rustin's Syracuse coach, Jim Boeheim: "When I first saw him in high school he dunked a couple, and I'd see enough. I thought, 'Everybody's coming the U.S. looking for great players, and here's one up here.' [Boeheim's agent has another player from Toronto, six-foot-two-inch freshman John Karpis, and next year Boeheim expects to

recruit St. Michael's George Papadoulas, a seven-footer.]

But Rustin rejected North Carolina, Syracuse and more than 300 other U.S. colleges that offered him scholarships. He wanted to play in the Big Ten Conference at the U.S. Midwest and opted for the University of Minnesota. His one year in Minneapolis was a nightmare. He claims that the school had an underdeveloped basketball program and that it made no scholastic demands on athletes. In 1979 he went to Syracuse, although NCAA rules for transferred players forced him to sit out the 1979-80 basketball season.

"Coach Boeheim treated me like one of the team," says Rustin. "I'd positive with the team, go to the gymnasium, but then I'd go home. I'd watch the guys in the gym and I'd go crazy. I'd think, 'What would I be doing right now?'" He finally got into a game uniform for the Syracuse Orangemen the next season. The expectations were great. His performances were not.

Rustin's low point came early that sophomore season when he played only 17 minutes in a game against St. Bonaventure, collected seven turnovers and was benched by Boeheim for several games. "He showed the most character then," says the Syracuse coach. "He could have quit. He could have given up. But he didn't." Instead Rustin came back, took the team to the Big East Conference title and the finals of the National Invitation Tournament.

Last year in a junior Rustin injured his left knee, missed seven games and underwent two operations to ensure bone chips. So far this season Rustin has not missed a game. His scoring average has been in double figures, and he has rebounded well. He has earned the nicknames "The Pass Master" and "White Magic" (a racial contrast to Harlem "Magic" Johnson of the Los Angeles Lakers) for his exceptional passing ability. And he has consistently led his conference in assists.

But last week, in the midst of his slump prior to the Connecticut game, he was worried. A broadcasting communications major with a B-minus average, he sought a message in the media: He went to a Syracuse television station, where he viewed videotapes of his first 37 games. He noticed that in his successful games he had been aggressive with his jump shot—shoulders square to the basket, a quick, smooth release at the top of his leap. In his poorer games, in contrast, he was off-balance, tentative. Rustin got the message. After his 30-minute flurry on aggressive Carter Dome crowd of 16,338 gave him a standing ovation. During the postgame interviews Rustin was asked whether he feared that the NBA scouts had been hearing bad reports on him, reemerging. His simple reply: "They know."

"He's one of the better players in the country, the best passer to come into the NBA since Larry Bird," says NBA scouting director Mike. "He should go in the first round. He should be a good pre player." Technically Rustin would not be the first Canadian to play in the NBA. Lars Hansen, from British Columbia, had a brief tenure in the late 1970s with the Seattle SuperSonics, and last year Jim Boyl of Port Huron, Ont., had an even shorter stint with the Detroit Pistons. As for the future, there is Stewart Granger, currently a Villanova University star and a probable first-round NBA draft pick, who was born in Montreal but moved to New York City when he was young.

The future does not concern Rustin. After the trials of his first three years in college and his midseason slump this year, the dream born on a Knickerbocker playground is still in focus. And the NBA scouts agree: He may soon be going on-on-on against the real Dr. J. ☐



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# Gold fever strikes a moose pasture

By Ian Anderson

From a 30-square-mile swath of heavily guarded moose pasture just north of Lake Superior to frantic trading floors around the world, gold fever is rampant once again. With so real industrial value—its price simply a barometer of world uncertainty—gold has soared to the \$500 level from \$297 (U.S.) an ounce last June 30 (last week it closed at \$486 [U.S.]). Gold stocks have blossomed on exchanges, and at banks and trust companies the records show that Canadians are allocating an ever-larger proportion of their savings to gold bullion, coins and certificates. "It's just a matter of more education," says Peter Hag, vice-president and chief gold trader for Guardian Trust. "The Europeans for centuries have held gold as security against the unknown. It's something European consider normal—the way Canadians hold Canada Savings Bonds."

In the past six months gold investments have been the safest way to make money outside of trading. No Canadian knows that better than Vancouver stock promoter Murray Pezim. After dropping at least \$15 million last year, Pezim for now boasts the touch of a letter-day Cecil Rhodes. The owner of his hedge straddles the Trans-Canada Highway near Hazelton, Ont., 300 km east of Thunder Bay. In the volcanic rock underlying the swampy moose pasture, prospectors have found grades of gold ore seldom seen outside South Africa. Still at the discovery stage, the Hazelton beds have driven up the shares of some 60 companies listed on the Vancouver exchange—and Pezim controls 32 of them. The hottest of the stocks, Golden Siepe and Goldco, rose as high as \$26 last year; from lows of about \$1, before they settled down to the \$20 range.

As Pezim sits a touch of better sleep in his Vancouver office, he keeps an eye on two television screens showing stock action in Vancouver, New York and Toronto. Caught up in the two television consoles on his desk, Pezim confesses, "We're going to have to put people back to work



Shocks in a U.S. vault, Pezim (below) as uncertainty grows, gold's price soars

again," says June Pezim, vice-president of trading for Desk-Pezim Canada Inc., a precious metals dealer. "People are panicking their paper money. You don't have to be sophisticated to understand that."

The principal worry of gold buyers is that governments will be unable to steer their economies between the twin shoals of recession and inflation. With the U.S. deficit widely expected to top \$200 billion, the overriding concern is that U.S. policymakers will choose to keep printing money to finance both the deficit and the recovery. Adding to the uncertainty is the massive Third World debt—an estimated \$600 billion (U.S.) among the now-oil-producing nations. Latin American debt is the most pressing. Any sharp drop in oil prices could throw world banking into disarray (page 35). The only way to protect Western banks from deeper debt-entrapment deficits, most experts believe, would be for central banks to keep the printing presses rolling in effect replac-

ing the money lost to domestic banking systems. In so doing, they would drive up inflation. "People are looking at the world and they're very uncertain," explains Hag of Guardian Trust. "They're not scared, but when there's uncertainty, people buy gold."

So far, Canadians have responded to uncertainty by investing mainly in gold mining stocks. People are also buying gold coins and certificates, although in numbers near the numbers seen in Europe, Asia and the United States. In Canada 16 new gold mines came into production in 1983, mostly as a result of exploration arising out of the surge in gold prices the year before. \$601 a way of the melting market, which saw gold prices hit \$650 (U.S.) in 1981 and then fall like an accordion, analysts are quick to stress that today's scenario is quite different. "You're not seeing the \$400 high overnight," Pezim explains. And Peter Hag adds, "People aren't buying it from a speculative point of view, but as an insurance policy."

Nevertheless, most traders see gold prices topping \$600 (U.S.) by the end of 1983. Pezim, counting on the reliability of nations to control the money supply, shares the bullish outlook for prices. The only cause for thought is that the high-flying Pezim did lose \$15 million last year—before the latest golden rush. Cautious, however,

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# Divided, Bell prospers

By James Flerring

For reasons that only a psychologist can explain, Canadians have had an infatuation with the telephone. The nation can lay claim to the instrument's inventor, Ontario's Alexander Graham Bell, to the first long-distance telephone call in 1876—and to the title of "Champions of Chat." Canadians have often made more phone calls per year than any other people in the world last year they logged more than 23 billion. What is more, with 872 phones per 100 people, Canada ranks fourth in the world for phones in use. During the past century Bell Canada has played cupid for millions of phone lovers, providing reliable, high-quality service. But now Bell is pressing ahead with a reorganization plan that may undermine the whole harmonious relationship.



De Grandpré is shuffling and run around the regulators

Under the scheme—its final version released this week before the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission—the owners of Bell's vast \$10-billion communications empire would be drastically altered. While Bell Canada would remain responsible for providing telephone service to Quebec, Ontario and parts of the Northwest Territories, it would have a new parent, Bell Canada Enterprises (BCE), which would take over Bell Canada and a host of other subsidiaries (see chart). The chief fear of consumer groups is that the shuffle would result in greatly increased phone rates for subscribers. As well, government officials worry that, among other things, the reorganization will make regulation of the company much more difficult.

At the opening of the CRTC hearings last week Jean de Grandpré, Bell's confident chairman, bluntly rejected these allegations. The major purpose of the corporate reshuffle, he said, was to provide the "flexibility" necessary for Bell to take on its competitors in telecommunications and microelectronics around the world.

Indeed, even opponents of the reorganization acknowledge that it makes

good corporate sense for Bell to be able to shough off the regulatory shakings from its international operations. In its 100-year history Bell has grown from a small U.S.-covered phone company into a corporate behemoth whose reach extends into 90 countries. Currently 91 per cent Canadian-owned, it holds minority interests in phone monopolies in New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. One subsidiary, Northern Telecom Ltd., is the largest phone equipment manufacturer in Canada and has expanded aggressively into foreign

markets, particularly the United States. Total sales last year about \$3 billion. The research wing of Bell's empire, Bell-Northern Research, is the largest private research complex in Canada and is widely credited with providing the spark that created Ottawa's "Silicon Valley North." On a global scale, Bell Canada International Management, Research and Consulting is involved in an estimated 45 projects in 28 countries, most notably a \$1-billion management contract with Saudi Arabia which expired last year.

Increasingly, however, Bell's expanding operations were hampering by regulatory rulings. For one thing, Bell was stung by a 1978 CRTC ruling that profits from such ventures as the Saudi contract, which do not involve the provision of telephone service to Canadians, must be included in calculating domestic phone rates. Says finance professor Paul Halpern of the University of Toronto: "The biggest problem Bell has is the fact that when they undertake any new kind of venture, any profits they earn typically flow back to offset losses that are incurred in the regulated enterprise." At the same time, Bell took a drubbing in the domestic market for telephone equipment following a 1980 CRTC ruling that permitted other firms to sell equipment to subscribers for attachment to Bell phone circuits.

In response to these setbacks, de Grandpré assembled an in-house taskforce of tax experts and lawyers in the summer of 1981 to draw up the reorganization plan. But before the scheme was unveiled to the public in June, 1982, another crucial step was taken. In April the company applied to the federal department of consumer and corporate affairs for a change in its corporate status. Since its creation by a special act of Parliament in 1880, Bell was governed by that legislation. In its application last year Bell asked for continuance under the more general Canadian Business Corporations Act. The government

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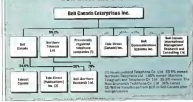
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## Bell after the shuffle



razinely approved the shift. Reid Frederick Sparling, director of the Corporate Affairs Branch. "We don't ask questions about a company's intent when they apply." But the decision nevertheless paved the way for Bell to go on ahead with its wide-ranging corporate changes without asking for regulatory approval.

For Bell, the major attraction of the reorganization was that it would remove the operations—and profits—of its non-telephone operating divisions from public scrutiny. Bell Canada would also become a subsidiary of BCE, although it would hold interests in Bell-Northern Research and



Romaner a grab for the wallet

Telo-Direct, which provides long-distance and publishing services. Other divisions include Ronalds-Federwood and Quest magazine. In effect, the plan would allow BCE to aggressively compete in non-telecommunications markets without having the profits taken into account in the calculation of phone rates.

If Bell believed that the plan was simple and straightforward, it raised a number of thorny questions for the company's customers and regulators. According to consumer activist Andrew Romaner of the Toronto-based Public Interest Advocacy Centre, Bell's move is "a grab for the subscriber's wallet." Romaner and other critics charge that a "corporate veil" might de-

scribed over Bell Canada's dealings with its under consumers. The CRTC could not find out, they fear, if Bell Canada were to subsidize the other companies by, for example, paying too much for equipment purchases. For his part, Hadam French, a professor of communications law at the University of Toronto, also worries that Bell's knowledge of the equipment needs of its customers could be passed on to equipment-manufacturing subsidiaries, giving them a "tremendous advantage over any would-be competitors."

Such fears are shared by a host of public-interest groups as well as by Lawson Hunter, the federal director of research for the Competition Investigation Act. He maintains that Bell's scheme should be altered in two major

ways. For one thing, he says that Bell Canada's shares should not be held exclusively by BCE as planned. Instead, Bell Canada should issue shares to the public after the reorganization. This publicly holding, Lawson argues, would help ensure that the firm does not become a "cash cow" for its sister companies. As well, he contends that Bell Canada should be restricted from selling terminal equipment—as it is presently allowed to do—in order that a clear line may be drawn between the company's competitive and monopoly services.

Under a barrage of questions at the CRTC hearings last week, a spokesman for de Grandpré fended off his critics in reassuring tones. He declared that information on any agreement or understanding between Bell Canada, BCE or its subsidiaries that has an impact on telephone rates would unquestionably be made available to the CRTC. As for the fear that Bell Canada might subsidize sister companies, de Grandpré countered: "Cross-subsidization doesn't exist today and will not arise in the future because it would be subject to the scrutiny of the CRTC." Most important for subscribers, de Grandpré has consistently maintained that the reorganized financial shuffling in the reorganization will ensure that their rates are not linked as a result.

For Bell's associates, the CRTC hearings are just one more hurdle to cross in bringing their plans to fruition. Already they have obtained a green light from shareholders for the scheme. As well, the Quebec Superior Court agreed last September with Bell's contention that CRTC approval is not necessary for the shuffle to go ahead. That ruling is now being appealed by federal lawyers. But in the meantime, the CRTC can only make a recommendation to the federal cabinet on whether or not to approve the reorganization. The government, in turn, could only block Bell's maneuver by an act of Parliament. For his part, de Grandpré says he is "99.9 per cent confident" that the plan will get the go-ahead. If he is right, Bell will have successfully completed a dazzling end run around its regulators. ☐

## Crown sinks into the trust quagmire

The Ontario government started to wind down the Great Trust Affair last week. Armed with legislation empowering it to sell off the assets of Crown Trust Co., one of three firms it seized on Jan. 7, the province began the dismemberment. Robert Elgie, minister of corporate relations, announced that Crown's solid assets, along with an equal package of liabilities, would be sold to Central Trust, a 66-year-old Halifax-based company with 46 branches and assets of \$1.9 billion. Central Trust will manage Crown's 11 branches for five years, at which point it is anticipated that Central will have absorbed Crown's customers. The remaining \$130 million in "soft" assets, consisting mainly of inadequately secured mortgages, is to be left to Crown's investors and to its owner, Leonard Rosenberg.

According to Elgie, the move was necessary to prevent liquidators from the losses they would face if the government opted for the only other alternative: allowing Crown to collapse completely. In the government's view, Crown's demise began shortly after Rosenberg acquired it last October. Thereafter, say investigators, Crown deviated from its previously conservative lending practices, accumulating an estimated \$130 million in soft loans. Most alarmingly, investigators allege that Crown's management broke provincial regulations when it provided \$68.9 million in third mortgages to help swing the sale of 11,000 Toronto apartment units to unknown investors in November. Officials charge that the loan surpassed 75 per cent of the true value of the apartments, which were sold for \$500 a unit but which, according to the government, are worth \$271 a unit. It was the three firms' entanglement in the controversial apartment sale that led the government to take them over.

For their part, the seized firms are fighting a desperate cost-guzzled legal battle to have the takeover declared unconstitutional. But, in a legal counter-offensive of its own, the government filed suit last week against key players in the apartment scheme and demanded payment of the estimated \$4.4 million a month in rents from the tenants of the apartments. The crux of the suit, says government lawyer Stanley Plush, is to recover the \$182 million in third mortgages that was advanced by the three seized companies for the apartment deal and "to trace the money to the hands of whomever got it." If the province is successful, the identity of the apartment purchasers may finally be discovered. —CAROL REEMAN in Toronto

Good taste is why you buy it.

*Ballantine's*

# Big Oil is sticking around

By Peter C. Newman

A paragon, 32,000-tonne drill ship christened the *Kulluk* was launched at the Mitsui shipyards at Taniguchi in Japan last week. It is the first of a \$75-million fleet (which will eventually include an 80-in-long ice-breaker called the *Terry Fox*) being constructed for Gulf Canada Ltd. as part of its bid to tap the oil of giant basins in the Beaufort Sea. These basins—half of them built at yards in British Columbia—are designed to buck the worst sea conditions in the world. Ice castles eight kilometers long and 19 acres high grid everything before them, reducing effective drilling windows to as short a period as 210 days a year. The new Beaufort Sea Drilling System, being processed by Gulf, could extend that operating interval to six months or more. The new rig adds up to the largest single capital expenditure made by any of the Seven Sisters in Canada to date. Together with Dome's activities, it is hoped that it will prove that the oil pool holds the 500 billion barrels required before the Beaufort basin becomes commercially viable.

Capital expenditures on the well—particularly at a time when oil prices are deflating and most of the multinationals are de-emphasizing their Canadian operations—represent an investment out of faith by Gulf and its Canadian management, headed by John Stalk. A chemical engineer born in North Hattfield, Stalk has been a boner of Canadian petroleum exploration during his 35 years with the company, all but three of which have been spent climbing the Gulf hierarchy in this country. He would also like to see Gulf become completely Canadian itself. Some 80 per cent of its shares are owned by Gulf's parent, a Pittsburgh-based giant which produces annual revenues of \$10 billion, pumping out a daily worldwide oil production of more than a million barrels. Stalk has sent half a dozen suggestions to his U.S. bosses suggesting ways for the company to Canadianize itself, but they have all been rejected.

Stalk's motive is hardly patriotic. Some 80 per cent of the company's land holdings of 30 million acres fall into lands under federal jurisdiction whereby foreign-controlled companies qualify for less than a quarter of the tax breaks Ottawa grants domestic companies (Ottawa's reaction has been to try to peddle various schemes for the com-

pany's Canadianization to Noranda and Walker-Heise with the hope that a Canadian company might buy out the Gulf subsidiary. So far there have been no takers.)

Despite its predominantly U.S. ownership, Gulf has sailed Canadian waters, having been founded in 1906 by Albert Elsworth in Welland, Ont., as the British American Oil Company. From an initial \$125,000 investment by eight local shareholders, it has grown into a significant arm of the U.S. multinational-



Stalk: Canada runs on oil, heel bee!

al, with nearly 10,000 Canadian employees, more than 40,000 shareholders and assets of about \$3 billion. (The replacement value of Gulf Canada's assets has unofficially been estimated at \$6.7 billion.)

Stalk's conviction, which he promotes to his home management, is that at a time when Gulf has been virtually squeezed out of the Middle East (Owens being expelled from Iran and nationalized in Kuwait) and forced out of Venezuela, as well as encountering increasing

political difficulties at its wellheads in Nigeria and Angola, the best (if not only) bet is to continue guaranteed sources of supply exists in Canada. During 1985 Gulf (U.S.) failed in its attempt to take over Cities Service Co. and Marathon Oil Co.

Gulf currently presides over the most exciting frontier exposure of any oil company in the country, except perhaps Petrosin. Gulf holds 3.6 trillion acres in the Arctic islands and large concessions off the coast of Labrador and controls nearly a quarter of the action in the Hibernia fields off Newfoundland. At the same time, Gulf is drilling a dozen wells in Alberta, including its major strike at Romany.

The last hope for a quick payback is the Hibernia field (with a proven 1.6 billion barrels). But the unresolved jurisdictional dispute between Ottawa and St. John's has placed this development on hold. "We can't proceed until we have some resolution to the political problem," says Stalk, promising to pour in almost \$2 billion once the dispute is settled. Gulf has a net total land inventory of 36 million acres, only four million of which is in Western Canada, with the balance in the northern frontier areas and off the East Coast. Although Dome has garnered most of the publicity, Gulf is equally or more active in the Beaufort. In one spectacular deal negotiated last year Stalk bought out a lion's share in Dome's sugar discovery wells at Kapanar and Kookook from the failed Hunt brothers of Texas. Those strikes lie 650 km east of Prudhoe Bay, but most of Gulf's acreage is in even less moderate climates. "They have played themselves well to extinction on an oil find no matter where it occurs," Gordon Harrison, a Dome vice-president, recently observed.

At the moment, Gulf is planned to drill five new wells in the Beaufort by 1988. Stalk's prognostics have estimated that the frontier lands in which Gulf holds a dominant interest could contain a staggering 185 billion barrels of oil and 1,000 trillion cubic feet of gas. Although its Canadianization plans are permanently stalled, Gulf's capital-spending plans continue unabated (\$775 million in 1983).

The policies of the National Energy Program aside, Stalk believes that Canada is still the most politically stable area in which to base reserves for the future—and that Canada's North will become the world's chief energy source of the 21st century.



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## LAW

# A media judgment on surrogate birth

By Shera McKay

**P**aul Donohue's farm did not have to call for quiet as his set during a segment of his morning television talk show in Chicago last week. For almost two hours Judy Silver, a 36-year-old clerk from Lansing, Mich., had insisted that the child she had given birth to on Jan. 10 was the result of artificial insemination with the sperm of Alexander Malashoff, a 46-year-old accountant from Queens, N.Y. Equally insistently, Malashoff, whose wife, Nadja, 38, cannot bear a child, posed his finger at Silver's 61-year-old husband, Ray, and declared that he was the father. Clearly, when the participants accepted Donohue's invitation to air their views on a story that had grabbed media headlines, feelings were still hot. The argument, however, soon became academic. With Emmy night fast, Donohue produced the just-released results of blood tests that conclusively proved that Malashoff was not, in fact, the true father (the recently developed human leukocyte antigen [HLA] blood tests are now regarded as 99-per-cent accurate in determining paternity). And even though the Silvers think that they did not have intercourse for 30 days after the insemination, Judy admitted, "I don't write down every time we have sex."

The voyeuristic spectacle on the Donohue show, which is scheduled to be aired across Canada on various dates beginning this week, was merely the denouement of a plot line that was tangled enough to inspire the story of Hollywood soap writers. But the sensational confrontation threw as unsettling new complication into the increasingly popular and highly lucrative business of surrogate parenting.

The story began more than a year ago, when Malashoff consulted Donohue, Mich., lawyer Noel Keane, the United States' most famous surrogate-baby broker. After learning Judy Silver from Keane's list of more than 300 available candidates, Malashoff agreed to pay the surrogate's fee of \$10,000, \$5,000 in legal expenses and all medical costs, including the \$1,800 for her insemination. At birth, the child, a boy, was found to be suffering from microcephaly—a small skull—a condition that usually indicates mental retardation.

Standard non-HLA blood typing performed in January showed that "Baby Doe" had O positive blood, like his mother, while Malashoff had AB positive—a blood type unlikely to produce

an O positive child. Malashoff cried and returned to New York without the baby he had contracted to buy. When the state, on behalf of the hospital, served Malashoff with a court order to appear for a custody hearing in Michigan, he contacted with a \$20-million breach-of-contract suit against the Silvers. The child was placed in the care of local social service workers. However, the Silvers have since announced that they wish to take their baby home, unless hospitalization or institutionalization is required.

The Silver baby has focused attention on the strong potential for error in surrogate parenting. An estimated 1,000 surrogate babies were born in the

United States in 1992 alone, and many did not undergo the HLA test to determine kinship, says William Leimberg, Malashoff's New York City lawyer. "Only two of Keane's 33 surrogate babies have had the blood testing. How do these fathers really know whose kid they have?"

Even though a committee of the British Medical Association last week recommended that Britain should ban surrogate motherhood, the demand increases for a way to tell if a child is the only hope for infertile people who want to have children. According to one U.S. surrogate parenting association, an undetermined number of surrogate-bred babies have been brought to Canada, even though Canadian law clearly prohibits the buying and selling of babies.

Noel Keane insists that currently he has five Canadian couples awaiting their surrogate's delivery and (three or four more couples looking for the first surrogate). "As a result, the legal and medical professions face pressure to set specific guidelines and limits."

A subcommittee of the Ontario Law Reform Commission is currently wrestling with the issue. The commission took on the job when Canada's first official surrogate baby was born last June in a Scarborough, Ont., woman and a Florida woman. In the matrimonial case, the Metropolitan Toronto Catholic Children's Aid Society fought for custody of the child. The Canadian family eventu-

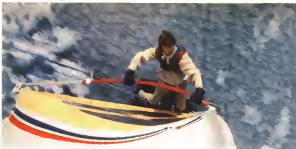


The Silvers and Malashoff (right) on The Paul Donohue Show, a birth gone astray

ally won, but the Florida surrogate went unpaid.

Meanwhile, both the ethics committee of the Canadian Medical Association (CMA) and the Montreal Institute for Clinical Research are planning reports on the legal and ethical implications of surrogate births. Dr. Arthur Parson, chairman of the ethics committee, says, for example, that the Michigan case could have been avoided if the mother had undergone obstetrical examination for two months before insemination and had been required to abstain from intercourse during that time. Unfortunately, his forewarning does little to alter the plight of the small child whose birth has sparked a nationwide uproar. □





Wind-skiing in Alberta (above and right) and Clark (below) is passing knowledge of sailing basics and the stamina for speed.

## RECREATION

# When it snows, suddenly it's summer

By Heather Birchall

During the past few summers, the sight of people gliding over blue water on surfboards with rainbow sails has been as common as shells on an ocean beach. It is not surprising, then, that many surfers have adapted their addiction to wind and speed during the short Canadian summer to chilly temperatures and frozen, snow-covered lakes. These enthusiasts have simply rigged their sails onto makeshift "snow" boards, launching the newest winter sport—wind-skiing. Says Nick Novod, 31-year-old purveyor of Monod Sport Store in Banff, Alta. "When winter came along, we thought we would like to try wind-skiing on the ice. We found that we could enjoy our summer sport in the winter—it's exhilarating."

Across the country—from Banff to Quebec City—summer wind surfers have been hammering skis and plywood together in search of year-round thrills. Indeed, the sport is so new that few commercial snow boards are available in Canada. (In the United States only a handful of companies now manufacture the winter model.) Bruce Clark, 35, a Toronto computer marketing executive, started a few winters ago by using a crude wooden platform mated to a pair of old downhill skis. But at last month's International Boat Show in Toronto, he launched the Arctic Sail, a \$996 fiberglass model. The board, measuring

2.5 m by one metre and weighing 14 kg, consists of two runners with metal blades for control on the ice. The show also featured another design, by Toronto boatbuilder Bruce Price, called the "Snow Surfer." Price's \$500 model differs from Clark's like board straddles two skis with a saucer-like dish protruding from the front, which, he says, makes it easier to steer and



"swing free" in all directions.

The technique on home-made or mass-fabricated snow boards is relatively easy to learn. Novices need only a passing knowledge of sailing basics and the stamina to withstand speeds as high as 85 km/h. To stop, says 26-year-old Nancy Clark, "you just fall back slowly and sit down in the soft snow." Says another Toronto enthusiast, George Benjamin, 38, a photographer: "If I lose control, I just kneel down on the board and coast to a halt." Claims Dick Pratt, 38, who wind-sails in Collingwood, Ont. "You can't hurt yourself."

Wind-skiing requires three essential conditions: freezing temperatures, a few centimetres of snow and a steady breeze. "Consistency of wind is more important than the depth of the snow," says Bruce Clark, who sometimes windsails throughout the day and into the night when the wind is up. "All you need is a wide-open space," he says.

The sensation is unique. "All you hear is the wind," says Menod. "You can go very fast and still be in control." A 36-year-old Claude Maron, who has broken up a sled to his sail in Quebec City. "It's fast and it's fun."

As the sight of dozens of brilliantly colored sails on frozen lakes from Alberta to Quebec indicates, the home-made sport has survived its first season handsily. Indeed, it is proving to be one more imaginative attempt by beleaguered Canadians to enjoy their winter rather than simply survive it. ☺





Demonstrators protest against soft-core pay TV in Ottawa, hoping to cool themselves off.

## MEDIA

# A bumpy birth for pay TV

By Susan Riley

Like a nervous drama, emotionally shipping into force, pay TV made its Canadian debut last week. The month-old controversy over sex programming as the airwaves had moved from the front pages to genetic bloodrooms, but it continued to simmer. Meanwhile, across the country new battles erupted.

In Quebec cable operators defied a provincial regulatory body, the Quebec Public Services Board, and threatened to air pay TV shows with or without official permission. In Nova Scotia the provincial regulator declared that movies shown on pay TV in that province would be censored in the same way as films shown in theatres. The move means the province would be anything "detracting to women or sustaining an element of violence beyond normal social dimensions." But the most passionate fight began when the federal Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission announced on the day before last week's pay TV launch that the new service would not be allowed to broadcast in stores.

For some pay TV companies—particularly C-Channel, which relies heavily on

concerts, ballets and musical programming—that news was devastating. C-Channel President Edgar Cowan accused the CRTC of "censorship." Later his competitors, Cowan had vigorously advertised the on-air pay TV link by advertising their television cables to their TV media, whereas would get top quality sound. But the CRTC feared that there would not be enough TV media left for new video stations. If some 100 TV frequencies were handed to pay TV—quarterly in such congested urban markets as Vancouver and Toronto.

At week's end, however, the CRTC appeared ready to back down, and pay operators are expected to give some access to the bands. There was no clear answer to the question of why the CRTC wanted so long before dropping its bombshell. Industry spokesmen blamed the move on "bureaucratic oversight, and throughout the week the CRTC mounted no convincing defence against the charge.

The tricky issue of sex movies, which sparked some Canada demonstrations by women's groups last month, may be harder to resolve. Pay TV representatives have said to come up with a "voluntary" code of ethics for content by the end of February after an initial meeting

in Ottawa last week. Meanwhile, First Choice, the company that started the effort when it announced a \$50-million production deal with the U.S. Playboy empire a month ago, continued with its plans to run late-night soft-core sex features starting in March. The CRTC has warned against running shows featuring "gross-out violence against women," and that, along with public sensitivity to the issue—means that the first offering will be a tame magazine-style entertainment show called *Playboy Playmate*. There will be none of the violent sex portrayed on the U.S. Playboy network.

But tame or not, Playboy programming still offends many feminists. "The CRTC seems to be saying it is okay to portray women as bubble-heads—as long as there is no violence," says Toronto activist Helen LaFontaine. Women should be protected from programming that "degrades or insults them." For some Toronto performers, the discussion is more than theoretical. To satisfy Canadian content demands made to the crier First Choice, Playboy will film some of its programming in Canada with local crews and actors. Larry Goldfarb, owner of Character Talent Agency, says six of his clients have had to undergo "background checks" when trying out for parts in new Canada-U.S. Playboy productions. Goldfarb says that they have appeared at interviews with the director and producer and part way through they have been asked to take off all their clothes. "The idea is to make sure they don't panic when shooting starts and they have to appear naked," he says. Some actresses have been so offended that they have refused roles—despite offers of \$200 a day. It is ironic, says Goldfarb, that Canadian performers "finally get a boost and the work turns out to be garbage."

For his part, Paul Klein, president of the Chicago-based Playboy Cable Network, is unimpressed. He says that the anti-Playboy pressure in Canada has been good for business. "Two hundred people marching in cold weather is far more reason other than Playboy," he said in New York. "Maybe it was to cool themselves off." And as Canadian pay TV executives wait to approach the idea of establishing an ethics code, Klein says that the ground rules for Playboy are simple: "No erection, no penetration and no oral sex." ☐



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# Kate Nelligan's Broadway triumph

By Val Ross

From the doorway sanctuary of her midtown Manhattan apartment, Kate Nelligan looks into the back seat of the limousine. Obviously, she enters profile first, a patrician nose, lips full with erotic, ironic promise, a sculpted, oval chin—the same haunting profile that wise directors used to introduce the actress in *Monty Python's The Holy Grail* and in the movie thriller *The Eye of the Needle*. In the limo interior, the shapely profile does not waver from its direction as Nelligan settles carefully back. She has the broad-shouldered, lanky charisma and sudden grace of a classic movie star. But so much so she suits the setting, she is set at ease, her arms are crossed protectively, as if she feels cold. Eventually, she loosens up enough to talk about her current Broadway smash, *Pleury*.

The British play, which has just opened at Broadway's Plymouth Theatre, marks the first major North American stage appearance by the Geneva-born Nelligan. And it has been an unmitigated triumph. *Time* magazine described her performance as Susan Trobair—Pleury's casually witty and passionately disappointed wife, the wife of a British diplomat—as "flawless." Commented *The New York Times*: "Only a fool would hold its breath waiting to see a better performance this season."

Nelligan has already proven her ability to dominate a stage through both sexuality and intellect with the world's toughest theatre critics in *London's* West End. There she was "Most Promising Newcomer of the Year" in 1974 and "Best Actress of the Year" in 1978. Though Nelligan has not appeared on the British stage since then, Sheridan Morley, drama critic of *Punch* and arts columnist with *The Times*, still considers her "the foremost English actress of her generation."

But Nelligan seeks more than mere eyes. She wants the right raven. "At last," she sighs as she peruses recent clippings in the limo's glossy interior. "Here's one who understands the play." Nelligan's voice is husky, sexy, with a nasal Manhattan twang. It does not re-

semble the phoney throat she uttered on the London stage. Nor does it reveal her working-class origins in London, Ont. Like the woman herself, Nelligan's voice establishes images and then stands on guard to defend them. Still, it is obvious from her voice and body language that the shy, masked, professionally abused woman is profoundly uncomfortable—that she is only chasing another potentially hazardous interview because the craft she loves demands it.

Her distrust of the press is not surprising. Reviews aside, commentators have not been generous. Last month Arthur Bell, show business columnist with *The Village Voice*, complained that she was cold and aloof and that she had snogged at him "like Tolson, Del Rio—and I had just asked her age." That was only the latest barb from North American writers who have felt intimidated

**Not content with a triumphant theatre career, Canada's Kate Nelligan has set her sights on movie stardom**

by Nelligan. Part of the problem arises from the parts that they have seen her play. Her performance as a naive young woman are perfectly belated wrong. But she is most closely identified with such roles as *Pleury's* seething Trobair or Susan Selby, the sexually strong-willed Columbia University professor of her latest film, *Without a Pardon*, which was refused last week to mainstream reviews. At other parts of the image problem is that Nelligan, who can quote the poetry of Auden and Hardy, is more literate than many of the paparazzi who define her public image. "Why shouldn't I talk in sentences?" she yelled, after one interviewer too many complimented her on her way with a phrase. "Who do they think I should sound like?" Morgan Fairchild?

One of Nelligan's major irritants is the Canadian press. According to Nelligan, it has created the impression that she considers herself too talented to



work in Canada. But the real problem is not with Nelligan but with a dearth of good parts, explains Robert Sherrie, the CBC drama producer who cast her in the 1976 production *Belknap*. "We have only had one part big enough to offer her since then, and she just couldn't fit our schedule," he says. Still, Nelligan says, bad publicity hurts her family. Soon after early successes in Britain she returned home to see her younger sister, Mary Jo, and her 18-month-old niece. "She spent the visit walking round and round the block with Knolly, playing Lego, and putting her buggy together," says Mary Jo, "and I'm not that the *Five Fingers* had asked for an interview. After she left, they printed a horrible, narcissistic thing about her being too good for London. That was like a knife in the heart."

Now, however, Nelligan needs the media. After making the peak of theatre, she has set her sights on the summit of a second triumphant career in film. But she has discovered to her amazement that her English achievements cut little ice with Hollywood producers. In fact, they scarcely know her name. She is 31, and her time is running out. She also wants to return home. "I couldn't have a film career in England. The world there is so small and shrinking. In my last years people were getting very letter, there weren't enough jobs. Now, here, I'm happier than I have been in a long time. I love working with North Americans—they're so generous, so unpretentious," Nelligan reflects. "Maybe if you had been out of town your agent, if you had been an underwear agent for 10 years, they're you would feel at peace here, too."

**Theme.** So far, film success has not been easy to achieve. Of her seven films and TV movies, most have been mediocre showpieces for her talent. She was smothered in hoop skirts and curls in *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *Dances and overpowered by the older Glenda Jackson in *The Elephant's Englishwoman*. She made the most of a wimpy woman-as-victim role in *The Eye of the Needle*. But then, her grace performance as a sexy and war-torn nurse in Mr. Peabody's *Midnight* (Maitreid, a Canadian Film Development Corp.-backed dud, has yet to find a general release. As for *The Victim*, a rape movie made for U.S. TV, Nelligan protests: "Oh my God. Ho ho ho. I'd rather you didn't screen that."*

Nelligan does not mind the role that got away. That happened when producer Fred Zinneman, a fan of hers, lost his option to make *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. Her part went to an actress with whom Nelligan, as far as she is concerned, is all too frequently compared—Mary McCormack. "They're very alike," says Joe Page, Pleury's producer in New York, who has also directed

Strep: "They both bring intelligence to their work, very genuine analysis, and they both have what's called 'high temperament.' But I don't know how Kate would handle a love/hate scenario, which I have done with Mary [in *The Taming of the Shrew*]," he adds. "British-trained actors move in a smaller space than Americans, they refuse that space; their work is sharper and more subtle. But I wonder, can they work take them into an broad range?"

Now Nelligan is hoping that her seventh film, *Without a Trace*, will give her the break she so badly wants. It is the story of a beautiful and impressive young professor whose world collapses when her six-year-old son disappears.



Nelligan with *Sutherland* in *The Eye of the Needle*; theatre credits meant nothing to I. A.

and who will not abandon faith that he will one day return. While not profound, *Without a Trace* is an authentic and well-developed tearjerker. Moreover, it is produced and directed by Stanley Jaffe, an influential and respected former president of Paramount Pictures. Jaffe has proved his ability to spot a commercial success in his own past productions, particularly *Kramer vs. Kramer*, and in such projects as *Love Story* and *The Godfather*, which he helped Paramount develop. "For the moment," Jaffe acknowledges, "movies that interest me interest the audience. And whether audiences know who Kate Nelligan is before they go, they're going to discover an extraordinary actress. But for the next two months, Nelligan's film campaign is on hold. She is committed to playing *Penny's* Susan Thorburn in busied crowds at

Broadway's *Plumtree Theatre*. Every night she transforms herself from a reluctant 17-year-old co-star for the French Resistance into a middle-aged human misfield, faring at the indulgent and hollow life of plenty in post-war Britain. Every night Susan emancipates her working-class lover, wrecks her diplomat husband's career, trashes her Kensington house, explodes an arsenal of wonderfully mean and funny lines, and ultimately burns herself out. It is an extraordinary, sensitive metaphor of the West's guilt and self-hatred.

The role of Susan has been called one of the great female roles in modern theatre. It was defeated specifically to Nelligan by her friend, the playwright and director, David Hare. Nelligan

willigens are a rolling clan of fourth-generation Canadians who reserve their Irish-Catholic roots for Father, Pat, is an ace dancer; her brother, Joe, a priest; and her Aunt Cecily can do party-games, auctions and seasons at the drop of an inch. Most of them live near the house at 161 Bedford St. in working-class South London where she grew up. Alone among them, Kate—Patricia Colleen she was then—felt she "had to get out, away from that neighborhood, those little houses, that country."

Her mother's influence was the reason. Born poor, Josephine Deir married Pat Nelligan, a coalwright, when she was 18. She had five children and adopted a sixth, Meaveville, she put herself through university and teacher's college by sleeping other people's houses and finally made a career for herself teaching at London's Notre Dame elementary school. She was a frichtening, exhilarating, educated woman, an ambition for all her children. She enrolled the slower ones in her own classrooms to prod them along. But as Patricia Colleen, the gifted, beautiful second daughter who looked just like her, she imposed special expectations. "When Trish started writing at eight months, she was marked for greatness," jokes the third daughter, Mary Jo.

It seems *Penny's* home made, the young Nelligan did stand out. While the others stuffed themselves with ice-cream cones from Candlish's Corner Variety, Trish, the serious one, gave hers away to a weeping young neighbor. While the others screamed from the tree fort out back, Josephine administered to texts to Trish at the kitchen table. While the others fought over who could ride the sisters' shared bicycle, Trish had to practice ballet and tap-dancing. Says Mary Jo: "We assumed, because she was so good at things, that she was having a great childhood like the rest of us. Now we see childhood that she didn't." Nelligan agrees: "I don't have very good memories," she says carefully. "I always felt isolated from the others by my mother's definition of me. I don't know what she wanted me to be, but she wanted me to excel."

In her early teens Nelligan excelled as a sports fanatic and earned her way to the Canadian Junior Finals. Then she won a scholarship to York University's bilingual Glendon College in Toronto and cried out for its dramatic arts program. Her professor, Michael Gregory, still marvels at the power and control that she displayed from the start. She wanted to play Ophelia; Gregory suc-



In Plenty: one of the great female roles

cessfully cast her as Gertrude. She was 17. "Trish was very demanding," recalls Gregory. "She demanded as enormous amount from herself. So if others required a lot of prompting, she could get over. She also had a great sense of humor, bawling out laughing, putting down in the other actors' beliefs so they sat too high on their heads. She could be quite wild at parties, quite frenetic. But I think there was a shyness about her, a mark, as if she was not yet at ease with herself."

After Nelligan's second year, Gregory urged her to try out for one of two places made available to North Americans in England's respected Central School of Speech and Drama. Determined to study at the alma mater of Sir Laurence Olivier and Dame Peggy Ashcroft, applicant number 667 adored her startled examiners. "No matter what happens at this audition, I am going to London to train. It would kill me if you eased the process," they said.

**Teach-velvet** In September, 1968, Nelligan flew to England. Gilded by her bleak student poverty, she came down with bronchitis and missed a month of school. To survive a second year, she turned to the same reservoir of single-minded resourcefulness that had characterized her tough-talking audition. She wrote 150 letters to businessmen in Southern Ontario, asking for their financial support. One, London insurance millionaire Richard Long, came through—he provided her with \$1 a week (\$15 at the time) to finish her studies.

By graduation, Trish Nelligan of London, Ont., had truly gone "underground"—changing her name to Kate and "flying just barefoot about my back-ground." It fooled Punch's Sheridan Morley: "Kate always gave me the impression of an aristocratic spinster," he told *Maclean's*. "One knew she came from the right side of the tracks." Meaveville, the rigors of Central's speech-twirling classes had transformed the voice of the Canadian Eliza Doolittle into what one *Daily Telegraph* reviewer described as "a fine, fuzzy voice whose vowels sound like a folk made by Stradivarius." The conversion left Nelligan more British than the Brits, says Joe Melnick, a friend from Toronto. In 1970 he saw her in her first starring role in a British rep theatre production of Neil Simon's *Barefoot in the Park*. "Of all the actors," said Melnick, "Kate had the most trouble doing an American accent."

Nelligan's efforts to become English also added her sensitivity to social concerns. Even in hard moments, says friend Canadian broadcaster Patrick Watson, "I don't think Kate can ever stop sniffing out the social tone, as ac-







Bulk-food shoppers: The contemporary dad is a step back to unsanitary practices!

#### CONSUMERISM

## Bulk food: breeding ground for concern

When Canadian supermarket chains stocked bulk bins full of such perishable foods as peanut butter and jam last year, price-conscious shoppers welcomed the break in spiralling food costs. But for municipal health inspectors, the popular merchandising trend, which gave shoppers unrestricted access to food, has culminated in an avalanche new set of serious health concerns. Already, health officials like Tim Rusk, chief public health inspector for the Central Fraser Valley health unit in Maple Ridge, B.C., warn that consumer-bundled bulk food, if not properly monitored, could lead to possible outbreaks of influenza, tuberculosis, hepatitis, salmonella or staphylococcus infections. There were threatening signs when Ellen, national president of the Canadian Institute of Public Health Inspectors, in the potential for consumer sabotage. To illustrate his point, Ellen cited the cyanide-laced Tylenol capsules that killed seven people in Chicago last October. In a stinging letter sent to some major supermarket chains and provincial deputy ministers of health, Ellen pointed out that "the contemporary dad is a step back in time to unsanitary food handling practices."

Although no epidemics or incidents of deliberate tampering have yet arisen, says Allen Elson, senior consultant

to the Ontario ministry of health, municipal health departments report calls from bewildered grocery store customers suffering from common colds, sinusitis or headaches who believe that bulk foods are the cause of their ailments.

So far, no government has plans to abolish bulk food. But in Alberta health officials were shocked to hear of one case where a child had dipped his finger into an open bucket of smooth peanut butter and had sucked a "happy face" onto the surface, the provincial government then announced that it was going to crack down on bulk-food sales. John O'Leary, director of environmental health for Alberta, says that later this month the province will issue new guidelines to prevent the public from handling or sampling food. He says the new legislation could require stores to install gravity feed hoppers—loaded bins that dispense food through bottom chutes. The hoppers would prevent people from rummaging through appealing bins of food and keep bacteria from growing in the bottom of bins that are refilled from the top.

Several national-food-store owners in the province, who have been selling food by bulk for more than a decade without any problems, are disturbed by the government's conservative proposal. Jeff Whitman, owner of Mother Nature's

Food Sales Ltd., a chain of these health food stores in Alberta, estimates that he has already spent \$200,000 to install 1,700 Plexiglas bins. He says that the new containers would set him back at least \$100,000—a cost that would be passed on to consumers through higher food prices. "Our stores are a model of the way stores should be," insists Whitman, who has collected 38,000 signatures on a petition demanding that bulk-food sales be left alone. Last week he presented his petition to the provincial board of health.

While the bulk-food debate rages on in Alberta, retailers in other parts of the country are planning a self-imposed cleanup operation. The Retail Council of Canada, representing more than 50 supermarket chains, is working with health officials from Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia to establish a set of strict guidelines for nationwide bulk-food distribution. At present, legislation governing the sale of food varies from province to province. The lack of uniformity has created a nightmare for large grocery store chains, which have had to comply with a variety of standards and restrictions.

In response, the Retail Council of Canada has prepared a set of preliminary recommendations—listing acceptable foods for bulk sale, sanitation procedures, staff training instructions, merchandising and recall procedures—that it hopes will be acceptable to all health authorities. To ensure that only safe foods are sold in bulk, the council recommends that milk powders, fresh and powdered cheese, meat, poultry and fish—all bacterial breeding grounds—should be monitored more carefully. Furthermore, the council suggests that only products meant for home use—such as soap—should be sold in the sections. "Non-human items, such as detergents and pet food, will be sold in separate areas," the report says. Spurred on by concerns that some bins can become dumping grounds for half-eaten cookies and candy, the council advises that store personnel should be trained as customer surveillance as well as in basic hygiene. What is more, the council stresses that bulk-food retailers should be required to list the ingredients of all merchandise to protect shoppers who are on medically restricted diets.

If retailers can foresee any good coming from a uniform set of guidelines, it is that stricter supervision will offer more protection to both shoppers and themselves. However, recognizing that such new safety innovations bring additional costs, retailers say that they hope the main attraction of bulk food—its cheaper prices—will not have to be sacrificed.

—CAROL BURMAN in Toronto, with Rosemary Zouren in Calgary

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# A woman whose work was never done

**DURING MY TIME**  
By Margaret B. Blackman  
(Douglas & McIntyre,  
178 pages, \$19.95)

**A** anthropologist who have evoked the supposedly full role of women in native cultures—planting, cooking or child-rearing while the men carved totem poles or hunted—are like gullible guests at a bar-becue. It makes no difference who bought the steak, made the potato salad, remembered the steak totem skewers, and prepared the mariachi, the person who throws the meat on the fire is the one that counts. Although much has been written about the society of the North West Coast Indians, this is the first biography of a Haida woman, and author Margaret Blackman has found a splendid subject—Florence Edenshaw *Davidson*, who still lives and works as the Queen Charlotte Islands at the age of 87. Although men were the artists and leaders among the Haida, the women, as this portrait demonstrates, exercised a subtle power of their own.



*Davidson: 13 children, 100 moves or more*

would go hungry. Every full Haida prepared 500 halibut to be eaten and given.

Blackman's use of cooking needs elaboration to be appreciated: "During the last war I used to bake a hundred loaves of bread a day. Sometimes fifty pounds of flour lasted me only three days." During the winter months, seal-dung, caribou and porcupine were all sources for hypervitaminosis B, and it was not unusual for her to whip up "a thousand dinner rolls" for some community event. Women's work may have been more ephemeral and less glamorous, but it was hard work nonetheless.

Obviously, such a life might be repetitive, but never dull. The same cannot be said of *During My Time*, which throbs with overwrought Haida delicacy, rather sky reminiscences with an overly academic content. As if worried that many days filled with jaw-breaking and fish-dicing might not warrant serious attention, anthropologist Blackman is formal and scrupulous in providing ethnographic background, bracketing Haida

with forewords and afterwords, footnotes and bibliographies. What the book lacks is exactly what Blackman specialized in—spirit and energy. For all its polish, *During My Time* is still a dissonant in the rough, the uncut stories lie beneath the facts.

The main element missing in this life story is conflict. If Blackman suffered in the process of conforming first to Haida womanhood and then to Christianity, Blackman is too tactful to find out. When Nam goes through with her marriage at the age of 14, the only hint of her feelings are a few tantalizing asides: "Nobody but me was ever happy. I don't remember any more about the wedding, it was too awful." When the missionaries arrived in her home town of Masset, the public consumption of Haida women (their banishment to 10 days of isolation represented a sort of negative female power) became a matter of secrecy and shame. A similarly benign reticence looms over Nam's own marriage, and Blackman, out of respect perhaps, accepts this. Nam, Blackman suggests, is a good example of cross-cultural integration—so good that the sense of looking through a window into another time and culture is almost obscured. —MARSH JACOBSON

## MALCOLM'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### Fiction

- 1 *2011: Odyssey Two*, Clarke (12)
- 2 *Spies in the Sky*, Brown (12)
- 3 *Master of the Game*, Sheldon (12)
- 4 *Diffident Seasons*, King (12)
- 5 *Forrest Gump*, Foreman (12)
- 6 *The Perils of Man*, Johnson (12)
- 7 *Myriad's Daughter*, Kinsler (12)
- 8 *The House of Jupiter*, Moore (12)
- 9 *The Prophet*, Davidson, Averbach (12)
- 10 *The Valley of Horses*, Abel (12)

### Nonfiction

- 1 *Gifts: An Intimate Portrait of the Liberal Party*, Wright, Brown (12)
- 2 *The Struggle for Power: A Portrait of Power*, Neuman (12)
- 3 *Why We Are Not Like Canadians*, Brown (12)
- 4 *Wilder in the Wilderness*, Fotheringham (12)
- 5 *Heaven and Hell in the NW*, Jackson and Zung (12)
- 6 *Towers of Gold*, Ford of Clay, Bennett (12)
- 7 *Grains*, Cherry (12)
- 8 *The Sovereign's Appointments*, Foster (12)
- 9 *Name Is Your Enemy*, Martin and Power (12)
- 10 *And More by Andy Rooney*, Rooney (12)

(1) Photos last week

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### FOR THE RECORD

## From Slugs to Muffins



**MUSIC FOR THE HARD OF  
THINKING**  
*Doug and the Slugs*  
LRC/A

Doug Bennett, kingpin of Doug and the Slugs, has always had stacks of style and showmanship to spare. The Vancouver group's third album again offers the chance to enjoy an unique blend of voice and the Slugs' adeptness at openly raucous. With the exception of *No No No*, a handclapping ticket to the land of a thousand dances, there is nothing that could be considered a breakthrough as a progression. Bennett knows himself well enough that on *When the Slugs Attack* he can sing satirically of "tongue-in-cheek as a modern opera!" Nevertheless, he continues to develop the darker side of his nature in favor of jokes about being short and peeing. There is one sad, slow song, *St. Laurent Summer*, and enough pleasant pop to keep the listener's attention. But, while sometimes suggesting it can really soar, the band seems content to hover in a boring pattern.

**TRANS**  
Neil Young  
RCA/WSA

One thing that Neil Young most definitively cannot be accused of is staying in one spot. In fact, it takes some time to get used to the kind of electronic sound he produces here. However, Young goes beyond the cliché of synthesized music. The lyrical content may not be overly innovative—most of it has to do with love and humankind in technology—but the combinations of computers and guitars are intriguingly and diversely

## THERE'S MORE TO PETER AND JAN THAN MEETS THE EYE



Peter Trucman:  
Anchor and Co-Air  
Managing Editor  
GLOBAL NEWS.  
Distinguished print  
and broadcast  
journalist. Former  
Ottawa, Washington  
and U.N.  
correspondent.  
Chairman, fund-  
raising committee,  
Toronto Kidney  
Foundation. Anchor,  
world-traveller,  
photographer, sports  
and outdoor enthusiast.

Jan Tennant:  
Anchor and Special  
Assignment  
GLOBAL NEWS.  
Named CBC's first  
female staff  
announcer, 1970.  
Former English  
and Physical  
Education Teacher,  
Charlady, Canadian  
Cancer Foundation.  
Biological  
world-traveller,  
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textured. Even *Like As Iron*, an anticlerical tale featuring a secular in conversation with a "pregnant" priest, is bearable. Although Young's voice is filtered through the chaos to seem like a robot's, it still conveys the emotion of an appealingly passionate man.

**DANCEPART**  
Murtina and the Mullins  
(Current Records/ACA)

For a band with such a cheery name, Murtina and the Mullins has earned its share of misery. The momentum of its

career has been interrupted by record label changes and personnel upheavals—the last one was the acrimonious leave-taking of star player Andy Haas. Two original members, Murtina Johnson and Mark Goss, are now complemented by bass player Jocelyne Lemaire and drummer Nick Kent. Although the Mullins have enjoyed reasonable (if sporadic) success in Canada and the United Kingdom, they have yet to make any substantial commercial impact in the United States. With this promising major promotional push for *Dancepart*, the band seems set to rise again.

The attention is warranted, since the album, their fourth, enhances with newfound funk and spruced-up showmanship the way intelligent the Mullins have always played. On the first cut, *Objections*, lead vocalist Johnson demonstrates a theatricality that many may not have known she possessed. She even manages a convincing growl and on *World Without Serenades* she shifts moods from the seductive to the sadistic. In the past the band has sometimes seemed withdrawn and tentative, like strange bright children in unfamiliar surroundings. It now seems to be more worldly. The title track is carefully designed for dancing. Boys in the *Shades* tell a short story of a private relationship that goes on in a San Francisco public park. And in *Imagery* with the band's habit of pausing in thoughtful silence on the Canadian experience, *What People Do For Fun* summarizes some of this nation's postures. "Hockey and maps, their only escape," *He* shouts, he roars, someone was raped."

**CUTS LIKE A KNIFE**  
Bryan Adams  
(A&M)

There is perhaps no male in Canadian music better equipped to sing rock 'n' roll than Bryan Adams. This 29-year-old from Vancouver has a strong, raspy voice capable of shifting moods as well as comparisons to Tom Petty, Rod Stewart and, to a lesser degree, Bruce Springsteen. Sadly, the singer he wishes (and he chooses to sing only his own) are no closer to him and musicians that he rarely likes his vocal gifts at more than half-mast. *The Only One* is jump, tough and devastatingly structured to pack a wallop. But the song sounds as a lovely exception, apart from the other star criss crosses.

**NERUDA**  
Red Rider  
(Capitol)

Although this five-piece Toronto band shares heavy metal's preoccupation with power, it lacks the presumption to be really head-banging leonid. Red Rider relies on formulaic songs that start slowly and turn fast to create back-lashed backdrops. By itself, this is irritating, but, when combined with a pretentious point of view that grandly divides the world into winners and losers, it becomes repulsive. Serb songs as *Can't Turn Back* and *Winner Take All* (about a "little round peg in a big square slot") are puffed up with insouciant defiance. The album seems to be trying to survive in a state what it might be like to be trapped on a bus with a load of sour and leathery teenage males who have drunk too much beer. —DAVID LIVINGSTON

**FILMS**

# A vivid obsession with sex and death

By Mark Cascone

The timing was perfect. As winter's gripes across Canada persisted, that soft-core sex movie in pay TV would tearfully become mainstream. David Cronenberg's *Videodrome* opened last week in more than 600 theatres across North America. Its subject, how a sadomasochistic

video staff show drives a viewer to hallucinate and finally suicide. The two events were clearly not connected, but life has a habit of uniting Cronenberg's art. Although he works in the fantasy realm of science fiction and horror, his films are truly contemporary in their articulation of universal fears and desires through shocking, visceral images, they have made him the most commercially successful—and arguably the best—director English Canada has yet produced.

When *Shivers*, Cronenberg's first feature, was released eight years ago, *Saturday Night* editor and film critic Robert Pallard wrote that "if using public money to produce films like *Shivers* is the only way that English Canada can have a film industry, then perhaps English Canada should not have a film industry." In retrospect, however, possibly the best decision the externally shamed Canadian Film Development Corp (CFDC) ever made was to back all of Cronenberg's features, including *Videodrome*. Along with Cronenberg's *Rabid* (1977) and *Scanners* (1981), *Shivers* remains among the Top 10 highest-grossing Canadian films of all time.

Cronenberg's success has now made public funding unnecessary. He is currently filming Stephen King's *The Dead Zone* in Niagara-to-the-Lake, Ont.—without critic moaning. His new producer is Dino De Laurentiis (Rage, Conan the Barbarian), and the banjo behind the \$10-million *Zone* budget are on Wall Street. *The Dead Zone* is an international film, but already Cronenberg and De Laurentiis have clashed over the director's desire to use his own production crew and develop his style of Canadian supporting actors (the leads—Christopher Walken, Martin

Sheen, Brooke Adams—are all American). Industry watchers now are speculating about how long Cronenberg will permit the pressures and blandishments of Hollywood and what role *The Dead Zone* will play in his career.

Few artists have stirred such powerfully divergent reactions as Cronenberg: his films have won top awards at European festivals, retrospectives of

whimsy, Pallard, for one, has not changed his views despite the favorable foreign reviews. Says Pallard: "I haven't seen enough of his films. I don't have a duty to review his work any more than a book critic has to review Baroque novels."

The violent response to his expressive obsession with sex and death does not surprise Cronenberg. "Canadian are very resistant to anything that comes from the Black Lagoon—which is our collective unconscious, really," he says. "But that creature wants to come out." Cronenberg's creatures are sexually repulsive. The stars of *Shivers* are petrified—a cross between bees and pears—which sends Kansas offside. In *Rabid* a female vampire sucks blood from her victims through a grotesque phallus in her armpit.

For Cronenberg, the tormented mind has the power to bend upon the ordinary body. In *The Blood* a mother's repressed rage prompts her to



Cronenberg: a visceral attitude to legal love films

Photo: David Cronenberg



Take the fresh fruit flavor of McGuinness Apricot Brandy. Blend it half and half with good, fresh milk for a drink as cool and unrefined as Aunt Audrey at the church social. Milk mixes equally well with McGuinness Cherry Whisky, C&D or Raspberry Liqueur and C&D or Month. Whenever you choose, it's a refreshing change. McGuinness and Milk? Aunt Audrey would be shocked. But then, Aunt Audrey probably enjoyed being shocked.

GOOD DRINKS BEGIN WITH MCGUINNESS



schizophrenia, narcissism—was brilliantly—again and again with fewer a warning to David Cronenberg.”

In its treatment of technology's deranging effects on the mind, *Videodrome* also picks up on themes that have preoccupied the 30-year-old director since the 1980s. Novelist William Burroughs and Vladimir Nabokov were favorites then. Indeed, if Burroughs had written a film script based on Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media*, *Videodrome* might have been the result.

As a film-maker, Cronenberg has always considered screenwriting and directing to be equally important. His parents' names in Toronto was full of books and Cronenberg would stay up all night reading. A shy and sensitive child, he was raised in a loving home by a mother and father who encouraged his interests, from making tripods to collecting butterflies. Nevertheless, Weissman says that even in that happy environment, Cronenberg was afflicted with a "great sense of guilt."

Weissman has always fascinated Cronenberg. As a teenager, he studied and reassembled bicycles and motorcycles. He now owns a Porsche 930 Turbo and four exotic Italian motorcycles. Repeated falls were resulting in a steel pin in his right shoulder, which he never stopped from riding his bikes. He also owns and races a Ferrari Ferrari. But Cronenberg's mild-mannered public persona offers no clues to the rising sex director on screen to experience the exhilaration of taking control. "The film industry is tough—anyone isn't headed out points for being nice and shy," says Norman Sander, an old friend currently working on a screenplay for Cronenberg. "David knows exactly what he wants and gets it."

Cronenberg's success in rooted in limitless self-confidence and a tenacious sense of purpose. Entering the University of Toronto as a science major in 1960, he quickly realized that his artistic ambitions were not his bread. He switched to English literature but was soon obsessed with reading films in philosophy class he would hand in



Woods, Mary and (below) *Videodrome* scene. He has a habit of imitating Cronenberg's art

screenplays instead of essays and got top marks. He devoured film textbooks and trade magazines, avoiding film school altogether. The only editing lesson he ever received was from a friend who put him down for 19 minutes in front of a Moviola. Most aspiring directors start to panic black and white, but Cronenberg was reaching for the top. His first film—*Trust no One*, a seven-minute short about a psychiatrist who comes to depend on his patient—was shot in 16-mm color with synchronized sound. In 1969 he made *Serenade*, about sexual experimentation in a community of telepaths, and, in 1970, *Crash of the Future*, set in a world without women. His family remained supportive—he commemorated his grandmother's wheelchair for daily shots—but Cronenberg did all the writing, shooting, editing and marketing himself. Back before underground cinema

but made little money.

The early 1970s were lean and hungry for Cronenberg, who claims he cannot remember how he and his first wife, Margaret, survived—apart from his stint as a clerk at Sun the Record Man in 1972. A daughter, Cassandra, was born, but his marriage was crumbling. A year later, after a long illness, his father died. Cronenberg was devastated and literally felt haunted by his spirit. The hard and often awfully noisy trilogy of *Shivers*, *Nebel* and *The Brood* reflects his tormented feelings at the time about women, sex and death.

The *Brood*, which he subjects to an act of revenge against his first wife, is Cronenberg's most polished and satisfying work. Underlying the plot is his long and essentially successful struggle to win custody of Cassandra. The film's climax is a horrendously beautiful explosion, photographed with the painful concern for maximum information from minute detail that marks his aesthetic style. As the husband, Eugene, forgives an order to plant his wife, who "delivers" a baby child and kills away the blood, declaring, "I digout you, don't I?" Tenderness is rare in Cronenberg's work, but in scenes such as that one he evokes a combination of horror and pathos that illuminates the darkest corners of the relationships between men and women.

While *The Brood* was still low-budget, at \$1.4 million, *The Dead Zone* will hit \$19 million.

Clearly, Cronenberg is now in the big leagues, where producers like De Laurentiis sign the cheques. *Glenn* is recent, however, the top film on Cronenberg's own list would be most shooting time. Although he is confident and authoritative on the set, he values flexibility highly. "A good director has to react to the energy on his set and the energy of the actors," says Cronenberg, who often rewrites scenes during shooting. Over the years he has gathered a tightly knit production crew that allows him the luxury. Cronenberg turned down *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* because it would have meant shooting night in winter.

\$80, the larger budgets for *Sommers* (\$1.5 million) and *Videodrome* (\$3.3 million) have not bought him more time—or more artistically successful *Glenn*. After penning the lawsuit for *Glenn*, *Sommers* degenerated into tedious chase sequences. *Videodrome* is by far his most ambitious film. Referring to its hallucinatory dream logic, which denies any hope of a neatly wrapped plot, Cronenberg says, "It's a very different product from anything I have done before." But, like *Sommers*, *Videodrome* delivers stunning images without adequately exploring the complex issue of the video-induced sexual violence it originally raises.

The issue of Cronenberg's vicarious struggle for legitimacy is that as the more significant, more confronts him how to put the big money that Hollywood can provide to work for his creativity, not against it. So far, the results have been mixed, and critics will clearly see *The Dead Zone* for further clues. This latest project strikes more notes for Cronenberg because it is only the second time he has worked on somebody else's script. But he does not intend to abandon his own work. He may view *The Dead Zone* as nothing more than a step toward total control, when his name alone will be enough to raise money. "I would love the world to be my opinion," says Cronenberg, "I would love to be able to say 'Hey, I can get away from anywhere.'" Besides, believe that the deal with De Laurentiis may in fact cement *The Dead Zone* for him, another film to follow—Cronenberg's choice—of *Dead*, with De Laurentiis funding both.

With Hollywood seeing his box office potential and critics finally recognizing that his films should be taken seriously, Cronenberg is quick to dispel any suggestion that he might develop an indifference toward the subject of directing. "Sometimes I get so excited I think I'm going to faint," he says. But the likelihood of the "Baron of Blood" himself feeling over-acted in is out of control, David Cronenberg has a genius for artistic restraint. ☐

## A thinking man's nightmare

VIDEODROME  
Directed by David Cronenberg

Like a David Cronenberg's brightly brilliant *Videodrome*, image and sound turn into acid rain. The movie is a totally original work, attacking itself head-on to its theme of sadomasochism. Cronenberg's philosophy suggests that most violent impulses have been incorporated into sexual acts, rendering the term "sex and violence" almost redundant. *Videodrome*, which has long seated the bar, has now been surpassed by other forms of video that are less susceptible to the censor's ravels. Video can become the focus for an audience only, as Max Rocco (James Woods) discovers to his schick and eventual disgust.

The owner of a fledgling cable station and a video junkie himself, Max is looking for a show to boost his ratings. He's a very different product from anything I have done before," says one of his partners, watching a print of the soft-core *Sommers* *Dreams*. "It's not really enough to turn me on." Max craps like "There's something too soft about it. I'm looking for something that will break through. Something tough." He tells his "creatively" tapping into an underground cable show called *Videodrome*, featuring pictures mutilation and murder. "You can't take your eyes off it," Max says, "and the soldier's life."

Cronenberg has a wicked sense of play, and it is as his bad-boy quality that he keeps *Videodrome* from being too serious. The name of heavy lecherousness as his previous films (*The Brood*, *Sommers*) have done. Some of the movie's style is influenced by *Dr. Strangelove* for the sexually deprived called the Catholic Ray (Murray), some of it David (a parody of a talk show that would have been better left to a program like *KIPP*) But theorems, good and bad, keep the audience off balance. *Videodrome* is a very original work, the result of watching *Videodrome*. The first hallucination—a TV set pulsing and expanding into two giant jets that engulf Max with an assassin's smooth-on-funny, the second—Max showing his first taste has even

stealth—is a true horror. After awhile it is not quite clear who is who or what is what, other than that the *Videodrome* people using Max as a guinea pig are some kind of nefarious group led that Nick Brand (Deborah Harry), with which Max has a sexual relationship. A pawn in the plot, the audience is never sure whether Nick is alive or dead when Max says he may be a premeditated case. But it is clear whether or not Max is a hallucination, when he goes on a shooting spree.

Cronenberg creates a magical world with the movie about anything he has done before. He seems to have found an effortless, fluid visual style and he has become extremely sensitive to lighting

(the superb cinematographer is Mark Irwin). Almost everything in *Videodrome*, from Howard Shore's high-tech score to Rick Baker's makeup, is a work of genius. The series of Woods showing his fat into himself, has continued to give the film the right, alternately bright and slightly dimmed, look and feel. And there are several contributions from the supporting players: Jack O'Leary as the messianic and mad professor of the cathode ray, Lynn Collins as a woman being raped with a paint roller's sensuality, Les Carlson as a violent, soft-spoken *Videodrome* official.

Cronenberg has a powerful sense of when it comes to conceptualizing his material, and his talents have become prodigious with *Videodrome*. In a love scene between Harry and Woods he shows a needle through her ear and hits the blood trickling from it. Cronenberg achieves this through his masterful staging, so that the audience can understand what causes the lovers. In *Videodrome* a good deal is suggested—but left unsaid—about the connections between sex, violence and sensory stimulation. All Cronenberg lacks is a counterforce that would provide the film with a good dialogue to match his directorial flourish. However, by slipping in and out of reality, the film elicits to its dream state with remarkable, even tortuous, accuracy. *Videodrome* is a thinking man's nightmare.—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



Woods, sadomasochism



## Horsing around at the starting gate

By Allan Fotheringham

One wonders why all the fuss about the introduction of gay TV, with Helmer's Buxies occupying our souls and eyeballs. Why bother when the last entertainment in the land is free? When the sight of red blood running in the aisles, Tories stabbing Tories and escorting one another in back rooms, front parlors and pencil shows on the tube is the stuff of dreams? Was there anything so deliciously delightful as watching the skates of Winnipeg? We are in for a good

time. Has formidable weapon of Big Blue Machine, which has efficiency of a Britton-down Tannery. Wife against him going to Ottawa. Smart wife. No French, strange brand of English. John Granger most entertaining platform performer in land. Perhaps too entertaining. Uses Henry Youngman set to disguise gold medalist mind and his eloquence. Wealthy in wallet as well as in intellect. Hard to build national power base from Newfoundland. Has no respect for Clark, helped to bring him down. No French, some English. Plans MacDonald still stings from



last time. Does not trust Terry delegates anyone. Wintry. Richard Halliday. New Brunswick premier is longest-going premier in the country. Intends to remain so. Wouldn't touch this gag with a 10-ft. molybdeum. John Rye has face of a saint. If so, what's he doing in this party of assassins? Chances from Provancher, which was Louis Bibe's riding. In no danger of being dropped. Instead, will probably see Joe's blueprints as a formative lesson and may go home to Manitoba to recruit Sterling Lyon as provincial Party leader.

David Crombie, gay, perfect match. His attempt to get Clark 1984 stroke—crack up the middle while the goats eat one another. Has tried hard to raise profile across country. May need solid Joga, health okay. Clark fears his street smarts. Has some Osheshaire French.

Bill Davis still hated in Western Canada for defacing Clark government in 1980 by getting into bed with Tru-John. Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

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and. Unlikely. Will give up considerable corporate executive jet life only in confidence he can win. Placid in beer parlour and driving room French. Laughed at toughest competitor.

Michael Biehn's starting too late. His Montreal base, now practicing law in Toronto, a former party president. Bilingual. Ancestor was once in politics. Has contemplated in his tent too long.

Darryl McKenough. Little time to get prepared by Clark's desperate commission, which was Clark's idea. Former Ontario treasurer has been pulling a John Turner, riding on the Elks of corporate directorships and presidency of Union Gas, waiting for an opening. Christian French. Business would love him. Only man in Canada to wear postscriptes wider than Keith Dewey's. Must move quickly.

Peter Worthington. John candidate. Clark's starter. Will probably lose his money and Arway salaries to another candidate. Does not know how to spell French. Would be worse to run Wayne Gossling.

Joe Clark only now running against himself and leaving Heavy pressure to withdraw so

Launched, can accept a draft. Is a man with no vanity but some ego. A wise observer says he might make a useful prime minister in 1991 if he took a long breather as MP and observed himself. Attempting a pan-Canadian coup, using a pre-emptive strike to forestall a leadership convention before his inevitable rivals can get organized. Views a repair to real life with borrows. A hold-ridge move.

Julius Perrier. If he was the prime minister of Ontario, why not prime minister? Son of Ontario Supreme Court justice, high Toronto profile, equity speaker, former aide to Haefield. Will not bed looking.

Dylan Gang. Would be worst leader but has been offshore too long. Control Black too young. Not proven. Doesn't like Candidates written.

Peter Worthington. John candidate. No organization. His personal money, no French. Would be fierce competitor, damaging to Clark. Could be one of highlights of elect-filled campaign.

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